

The Famous History ^{///} of Guy Earle of *Warwick*.

By SAMUEL ROWLANDS.



L. M. 11. Printed by J. Bell for Thomas Vere in the old Bayley. 1649.





TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE

PHILIP Earle of Mountgomery, Lord
Herbert of Sherland, and of the most noble
Order of the Garter, Knight.

Right worthily enobled, and
truly Honourable LORD,
vouchsafe of your generous
courtesie, (to which all men yeeld a ge-
nerall applaud) to accept this slight
and weak Poem, derived from a strong
and mighty subject (to wit) great *Guy*
of *Warwick*, (our famous Countrey-
man) whose valour hath bin the worlds
wonder, and his admirable acts of Chi-
valry, terrors and daunting feares of

The Epistle Dedicatory.

all the opposites of himselfe and this Kingdome : the neglecting of whose worthy memory, hath induced my more willing then able Muse, to revive the deeds of this dust-consumed Champion, upon whose honourable Combate, King *Athelstone* ventured the whole Realme of *England* : Disdaine not therefore (most worthfull and precious spirit) in the true affability of your esteemed vertues, to vouchsafe the view of these Artlesse lines, which in the silence of greater sufficiencies, speake onely to keep valour from oblivious destruction.

Most humbly devoted to

Your Honours vertues,

SAMUEL ROWLANDS.



To the Noble English Nation.

R Enowned English, whom our Lines invite
To view the *Acts* of Warwicks worthy Knight,
Whose deeds of old, writ with an antient Pen,
Have now outworne the memories of men.
Most strange in this same Poet plenty age,
Where Epigrams and Satyres biting, rage:
Where paper is employed ev'ry day,
To carry Verse about the Town for pay:
That Stories should entomb'd with worthies lie,
And Fame, through Age extinct, obscurely die.
'Daine to accept what Recreations houres
Have spent upon this Countryman of ours:
It seemes too far unkinde, that in these daies,
We toyle so much in other Nations praise,
That we neglect the famousing of our own,
Which over-matchfull unto them were known.
England hath bread such men for valour trade,
Could match all Kingdoms of the world beside.
Take here a view of Knight-hoods antient face,
His bruised Armour, and his bloody case:
His broken Lance, gapt Faulch'on, batter'd Shield,
His valiant combats with his Foe in Field:
The wounds and scars insculps upon his flesh,
His mortall fights renew'd each day afresh,
His reasons that did animate to Armes,
His freeing tender Ladies from their harmes.
His hacked Target, and his splinterd Speare,
His killing Serpents, savage Bore, and Beare.

Then

The Epistle.

*Then looke on some, in ages since beknighted,
Who never were with Martiall deeds delighted :
That are no kin to them which went of old
In Iron Armour, these are Knights in gold :
And you shall see that one doth weare the name,
When th' others actions merit for the same :
The same for merit was renowned Guy,
A Champion that his fame with blood did buy,
And never held his life in coward feare,
But ventur'd it at point of sword and speare :
He was a prodigall of life and lim,
And bade all welcome, came to fight with him :
Were it a Gyant like to Gogmagog,
Or Cerberus, That Triple headed Dog,
Or he that often did Olympus climbe,
And was the onely club-man of his time.
Great Hercules, if he had breath'd on ground,
When English Guy of Warwick liv'd renownd,
There would have been a combat twixt them two,
To try what stout Alcides force could do :
Or Hector, whose applaud the world doth know,
Or fierce Achilles, fearfull to his Foe.
Had all these liv'd together in an age,
They had been Combatants, the earth their stage.
Kinde English yeeld unto your Country-man,
As gentle entertainment as you can :
Though he lie quiet now, transform'd to dust,
Sleeping in death, as other mortals must :
With your life-giving breath, revive his Fame,
That hath deserv'd an honourable name.
And having view'd his Actions, wish with me,
That all the Knights we have, were such as he.*

SAM. ROWLANDS.



To the Honourable Ladies of ENGLAND.

Ladies in elder times your sex did need
Knight-hoods true valour to defend your
Of admirable actions we do read, (rights,
Have been atchiev'd in cruell bloody fights.
Fell ugly Serpents were destroy'd and slaine,
Strange Monsters mangled, Giants hew'd in twaine.

But who deserv'd more in such enterprize,
Then worthy English, bred where we are borne ?
Such as did ease and idlenesse despise :
For Armour more than silke by them was worne.
These were the Champions that for Ladies good,
Would bleed, as long as they had drops of blood.

Such was Sir *Guy*, whose Story here we tell,
Valours renowned honourable man :
He lov'd your kinde in heart exceeding well,
How can you chuse but love his Legend then ?
Bestow the reading of it, if you please,
Gainst melancholly, the same dull disease.

SAM. ROWLANDS.

The

The ARGUMENT.

GUY of Warwick (Son to Earle Rohands Steward) in blooming youth of Natures spring, fell in love with the Earles faire Daughter Phelice, whose disdain of him, in that he was but a meane Gentleman, and not by birth answerable to her honourable estate, did afflict his tormented minde with much distressed passions, till in a vision Cupid presents her with the picture of Mars, enjoying her to love Guy, as the admired Champion of Christendom: Upon this she jeeldeth affection, on condition of Adventures, which to atchieve, he departs into France, and shortly returnes with Trophées of victory, and prizes of honour: But Phelice not satisfied therewith, he leaves England again, performing in forraigne Countries wonderfull acts: then returning, marries his Love, whom after forty dayes he leaves, departing on Pilgrimage to the holy Land, effecting in that journey many strange things: Then supposed to be dead, comes back disguised and out-worne to memory, and fights a Combate for King Athellone, killed Colbroud the Giant of Denmarke, freeing thereby the Ringdome from invasions. After that, lives obscurely in a Cave, and comes for Almes to his own Castle, not revealing himself till the houre of his death, and then he sent his Lady a ring, by which token she knew her husband, and came most worully to close up his eyes, dying herself shortly after him, for very grief and extreine sorrow.

The

This

The Famous History

This man compos'd of courage full of spright,
Of heard adventures, and of great designs,
To fight with Gyants tooke a chiefe delight,
Or search some Cave that Monster under mines,
Meet with a Bore to make a bloody fray,
Or combat with a Dragon, by the day.

Faire *Phelice*, equal match to *Cypids* Mother,
A curious creature, and the Kingdoms pride,
All spacious Brittain had not such another,
For glorious beauty, and good parts besides:
Twixt her and *Vulcan's* wife no oddes were knowne,
But *Venus* had a Mole, and she had none.

With



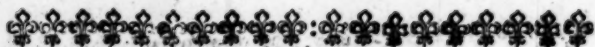
of Guy Earle of Warwick.

With all perfections make a peerelesse creature,
From head to foote she had them ev'ry one,
Mirrour she was of comelineffe and feature,
An English Phenix, supreme faire alone :
Whom gazing peoples censures, thus would grace,
Beauty lives no where but in *Phelice* face.

In *Phelice* face (this object of *Guy*s sight)
Where lookes of love, and glaunces of disdaine :
From thence sometimes his eyes attract delight,
From thence anon his heart deriveth paine :
One while sweet smiles do give encouragement,
Another time, sterne lookes worke discontent.

Thus on loves Seas, tost by the storms of terror,
Twixt present calme, and sudden furious blast :
Resolving Love, yet finding Love in errour,
In freedome chan'd, in liberty bound fast :
He sighes that Fortune hath so strangely deale,
To give a wound that beauty will not heale.

That beauty will not heale (quoth he?) fond man,
Thou wrongst thy selfe, and thy faire Goddesse too:
By lookes to know a womans heart who can?
And looke on her is onely all I do :
He take another course more resolute,
To speake, to write, my honest meanings suite.



The Famous History

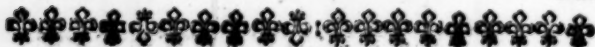
But if I should do so what hope have I,
That she will heare my words, or read my lines,
She is Earle *Rohands* Heire, and borne to dye,
To condescend unto my poore designs;
Though I a Gentleman by birth am knowne,
Earle doones I want, and Lordships I have none.

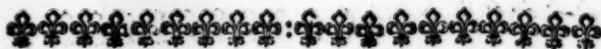
Oh ! Women are ambitious out of measure,
They mount aloft upon the wings of pride,
And often march more for this worldly treasure,
Than any loving cause on earth beside :
Which makes some wish, rather there were no Gold
Then love for it should base be bought and sold.

If such shee be, (as not be such is rare)
What will my words, or sighs, or teares prevaile,
I enter then a Labyrinth of care,
And strive against both winde and tyde to sayle :
A restless stone with *Sisyphus* I roule,
And heape continuall torments on my soule.

Then I attempt to flie with waxen wings.
Where *Phaëbus* Chariot burnes in brightest flame,
And shall be censur'd that in childish things,
As Love, I have begot eternall shame,
Rejected and dispi'd in base esteeme,
To th' envious VVorld, I shall no better seeme.

Eut





of Guy Earle of VVarwick.

But cease, Loves coward, banisht thoughts of feare,
Be resolute and good accesse attend thee,
Phelice of force a loving heart must beare,
If he that shoot, loves darts of gold, befriends thee.
And by no reason he can be thy foe,
Because thou lov'st his Mothers Picture so.

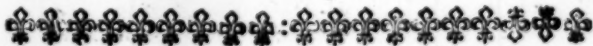
I am resolv'd : Go on to *Phelice* Bowre,
And from as true a heart as flesh can yeeld;
Intreat her heare me, in a blessed houre,
And with kinde pittie all my sorrowes shield,
To looke upon me with remorse of minde,
That holds my life as her love is inclinde.

This said, to *Warwicke* Castle he repaires,
VVhere the rich Jewell of his heart remain'd,
Earle *Rohand* bids him welcome and prepares.
VVith hunting sports, to have bin entertain'd,
But thereunto unwilling eare he lends,
And sudden sickenesse for excuse pretends.

The Earle much grieved at this alteration,
Sent his Physitian for to do him good,
VVho told *Guy* that his only preservatiou,
Consisted in the presant letting blood;
And that his body in distemperature,
VVas difficult and very hard to cure.

B 3

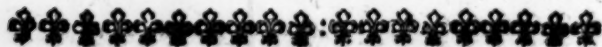
Doctor



The Famous History

Quoth the Physitian, Sir, I know it not,
Nor in the Herball read of such a Flower,
Yet in this Castle it is to be got,
Said *Guy*, it growes not farre from yonder Towre,
Ile finde it out my selfe, Doctor refraine,
Gallen had ne'r the art to cure my paine.

Now is the time (quoth he) faire fortunes Sun,
Shines favourable on my gloomy cares ;
Now may I end the griefe that Love begun,
And boldly aske good hap, how well she fares :
Now will I enter into yonder shade,
To court the Worlds admired beaution Maid.



of Guy Earle of VVarwick.

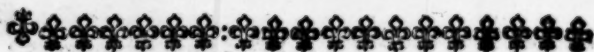
Phelice I come, assist me (*Cupid*) now,
Prepare an Arrow ready for my Bow;
I never went a wooing: teach me how
Good action (with good speech) I may bestow:
But above all things, gentle *Cupid*, move her,
That she beleve me when I sweare I love her.

With speed unto the Garden then he goes,
Where one of *Phelice* Damsels let him in,
And in a curious Arbor of repose
Finds *Cytherea* with her silver skinne:
Whom he salutes with grace and Majestie,
Beholding her with Loves inchanting eye.

Fairest (quoth he) of all the workes of Nature,
Whose equall never breath'd this common ayres
More wonderfull than earth can yeeld a creature:
For ev'ry part belonging unto faire:
Immortall Creature of Celestiall frame,
Eternall honour still attend thy name.

I come to thee about the like poore suite,
That once *Leander* came to *Hero* with:
Hoping thereby to reape more lovely fruit,
Than *Mars* attain'd when he deceiv'd the Smith:
Tis onely Love that I with heart present,
Tis onely Love must give my soule content.

Incline



The Famous History

Incline (sweet Lady) to my humble motion,
Compassionate the griefe that I endure,
Regard my life that rests at thy devotion,
With pittie take my dying heart in cure ;
O let it not in groaning torments swell,
And breake in twaine, because it loves the well.

Great Princes love thee, this I knew before,
And deeds of honour for thy name have done ;
But neither King, nor Prince can love thee more ;
Then doth poore *Guy*, thy Fathers Stewards Sonne:
His love to the is so inestimable,
To countervail it, all they are not able.

Phelice thus interrupts his protestation :
No more of Love, cease gentle Yonth (quoth she)
I have a minde fram'd o' another fashion,
Virginity shall live and die with me :
Love is compos'd of idlenesse and play,
And leads to vaine delight that stray.

Besides, it ill befeemes thee be so bold,
Inferiour and unfit for my degree :
And if up to my Father this were told,
I know it would procure reproofe to thee.
The Proverb in this point might make thee wise,
That Princely Eagles scorne the catching Flyes.

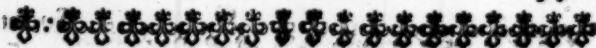
And



The Famous History

What is the cause I am rejected thus?
Who interrupts my Love to Beauties mirror?
He dragge him hence to roaring *Erebus*
There to be plunged in eternall terror.
He to *Ioves Court*, and there with shouts and cries,
Make such a clangor as shall rent the Skyes.

Ile mount upon the back of *Pegasus*,
 And in bright *Phæbus* flames my self will wrap
 Then will I tumble windy *Eolus*,
 To sleep in *Thetis* wavy Crystall lap:
 From thence Ile poast unto the torrid Zone,
 To find which way *Phælee* love is gone.



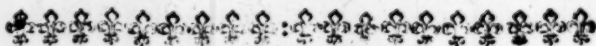
of Guy Earle of Warwick.

Iason had luck to winne the Golden fleece,
I like the Skin, but for the Hornes I care not:
Faire Hellen was a waggish wench of *Greece*,
Bold *Mars* will venture, bashfull *Venus* dares not.
Trust afaire face? Not I; let him that list,
What's *Hercules* with out a club in's fist?

Thus for a time his fences were deprived,
Being left by love as blind as *Cupids* eyes,
Till reason to perfections state revived,
And extreame passions ceast to tyrannize:
For in a Vision *Phelice* did decry
The power, and yeelds her hart to *Guy*.

By *Morpheus* possesst of quiet sleepe,
In dead of night when Visions doe appeare,
The Heart-tormentor, he that pierceth deep,
And maketh Lovers by there bargaine deare:
Sends from his bow a shaft with Golden head,
And wounded *Phelice* in her Maiden-bed.

Before her he presents a *Martiall* wight,
Clad all in Armour for encounters fit,
And sayes; Sweet *Virgin*, love this Man of might,
Give him thy heart, for he doth merit it;
For valour, courage, comely shape and limme,
The World hath not a Champion like to him.

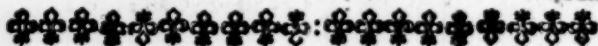


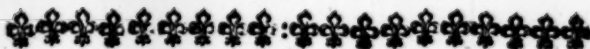
The Famous History



*Faire PHELICE in a Vision,
Entertaines the love of Guy:
Enjoying him Adventures strange,
is manly force to try.*

Great





of Guy Earle of VVarwick.

Great honour (Lady) thou shalt gain thereby,
T'adorne thy Noble and renowned Bir.h;
He shall a spire unto such Majesty.
His name will be a terrour on the Earth;
He shall become a Champion unto Kings,
And by the sword performe admired things.

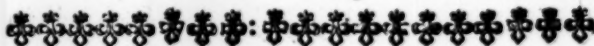
Be not ambitious that thou art high-borne,
Be not disdainfull of a meane estate;
Be not defiled with the brand of scorne,
Be not too proud that thou art Beautis Mates
For 'tis in vaine to strive against my Bow,
If I say love it must and shall be so.

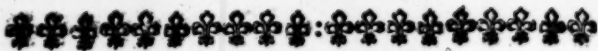
Fixe not thy thoughts basely on worldly wealth,
(Coyne should not be foundation unto Love)
Corrupted hearts it drawes away by stealth,
These Mony-Matches cannot happy prove:
For as the goods of Fortune doe decay,
So love which they beget, consumes a way.

I know how *Pluto's* golden treasure swayes,
By devellish and accursed, false illusion:
I know how womens humers now adayes.
Run after riches to their owne confusion:
I see the Peasant with most abject life.
With Gold enough can by a dainty wife.

C3

But





The Famous History

But *Phelice*, if thou knew'st so much as I,
How base the gods esteeme of such abuses,
When beauty sels, and riches come to buy,
Which are not made for one anothers uses,
Thou wouldest scorne that Maidens should be sold,
As Cattell are for Silver and for Gold.

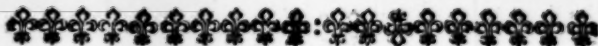
Love must be simple, harmelesse, pure and plaine,
And take originall from true affection;
It must reciprocally returne againe,
Or else it doth discover imperfection.
Loves inword thoughts concur with outward deeds,
Such as from loyalty and truth proceed.

Thy Lover comes not for advancement to thee;
In that thy Father is a worthy Earle;
It is not Dowry that can cause him woo thee;
Had'st thou the *Arabian* Gold or *Indian* Pearle:
But as great *Jupiter* to *Leda* came
For a sweet face, his purpose is the same.

Therefore, sweett Virgin, use him kindly well,
Make much of *Guy*, imbrace him for thine owne;
Affoord him love-roome in thy heart to dwell,
Let him noe longer live in perforce moane:
But the next time thou dost behold his face,
Give him encouragement, with kinde imbrace.

And





of Guy Earle of VVarwick.

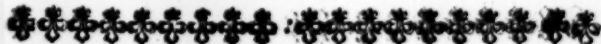
And with that word (imbrace) he shot and hit,
the very center of her tender heart,
Feelling the wound, she starts awak't with ir
Being taught thereby to pitty Lovers smart,
For *Cupid* drew his Arrow to the head,
Because he would be sure she should be sped.

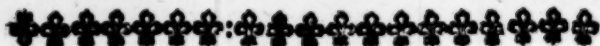
with that she fetch'd a sigh, a grievous one,
And from her eyes ashowre of teares did fall,
Where is (quoth she) the gentle Love-god gone,
Whose power I finde is powerfull unto all?
Oh call him backe, my fault I doe confesse:
I have in Love beene too too pittilesse.

Sweet Boy, sollicite for mee to thy mother,
And at her Altars I will sacrifice,
From this day forth I will adore no other,
No Goddesse shall be gracious in mine eyes,
But she that hath Imperious rule and might,
To leade obdurate hearts to kind delight.

Comp. sion now hath worthy conquest made,
Of that strong Forrt, which did resistance make
On shaft had beene sufficient to perswade,
A League for life a Truce till death doth take
Guy more than Life doth helice love preferre,
The helice affects Guy deare, as he doth her.

But





The Famous History

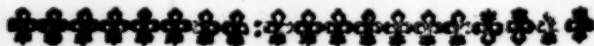
But unto him her love is yet unknowne,
Though this be made apparant long before;
He understands not that she is his owne,
He feels no salve apply'd unto his fore;
Till forc'd by passions, and constrain'd laments,
A second suit he boldly thus presents.

Phelice I was arraigned long agoe,
And now I louke for judgement at thy hand;
I have beene prisoner in a layle of woe,
So long, that speedy sentence I demand:
Oh speake unto me either life or death!
For I am tyred with my vitall breath.

If kindnesse dwell in that faire shape of thine,
Exprelle it with (*I love*); if none there be,
Then say, *I can not unto love encline*.
And so thou mak'lt a quicke dispatch with me:
Censure me sudden, either smile or frowne,
I will not live thus for this Kingdomes Crowne.

Phelice reply'd, 'Tis not at my dispose,
To fashion Love with out my friends consent;
What would you wish me to be one of those,
That are to Parents disobedient?
Shall fond affection over-rule the will.
And doe you good, to be accounted ill?

you



of Guy Earle of Warwick.

You know my Fathers greatnesse in the Land,
And if he should (as there's no other like)
The love of one too meane for me withstand,
How could we bear the stroke disgrace would strike?
Nothing but death could make my sorrow sweet,
And shame would wrap me in a winding sheet.

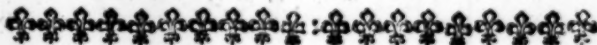
Doubt not of Father in this case (quoth he)
For *Warwicks* Earle (that Honourable man)
Shall see such deeds of valour done by me,
To have dislike he neither will nor can;
Injoyne me what adventures thou think'st good,
That wounds and scars may let my body blood.

Why then (quoth she) *Guy*, make thy valour shine,
Throughout the world, as glorious as the Sun,
My heart, my soule, my life, my love is thine,
What deeds of honour by thy hands are done,
Make thy self famous by a Martiall life,
And then take *Phelice* for thy lawfull wife.

I ask no more (said he) to gaine thy love,
I shall esteem it bought at easie rate ;
Oh that I were at work my task to prove,
With *Hercules*, or some such churlish Mate !
Phelice, farewell, this kisse thou givest me,
Shall make a number kisse the ground for thee.

D

From



The Famous History

From *England* *Guy* to *France* doth go,
Where deeds of arms are done;
And thence returns triumphantly,
With all the prizes wonne.

CANTO. 3.

INlarg'd from sorrows thraldome by hopes bayle,
Gny armes his thoughts with honours enterprife :
Imbarks himself, and into *France* doth sayle,
Leaving faire *England*, where his comfort lyes :
He seekes for enemies, he longs for foes,
And now desires to be a dealing blowes.

In *Normandy* arriv'd, he understands,
That there was warlike businesse to be done,
For valiant Knights of divers Christian Lands,
The race of valour did intend to run:
A great adventure was propounded there,
Which newes was musick to his greedy eare.

The prize that drew them all unto this place,
Was Daughter to the *Almane* Emperour,
Faire *Blanch*, with such a wondrous heavenly face,
It had attractive Beauty full of power.
In her such graces did unite together,
The Worthies of the world came posting thither.

Who

of Guy Earle of VVarwick.

Who won the Damsell (it was thus decreed)
By manly courage, and victorious might,
Should have her mounted on a milke white Steed;
Two Gray-hounds and a Faulcon all as white:
This was his lot that could attain the day,
To bear the Honour and the Maid away.

Our English Knight prepares him for the Field,
Where Kings were present, Princes did repaire,
Where Dukes and Earles a great assembly held,
About the face that was so wondrous faire:
Though onely one must speed, and hundreds misse,
Yet each man there imagines *Blanch* is his.

The spacious Field where they assembled were,
Hardly afforded roome for armed crowdes,
The golden glittering armour that was there,
Did dart the Sun-beames back unto the clowdes.
The pamper'd horses proudly stamp't the ground,
To heare the clangor of the trumpets sound.

A *Germane* Prince of an undaunted sprite,
A first and very fierce encounter gave
Unto an Earle, whose valour did requite,
With blow for blow as resolutely brave,
Till by a stroke the Earle receiv'd on's head,
He was unhorst, falling to ground for dead.

D 2

Then



The Famous History

Then *Guy* came forth with courage to the Prince,
And deales with him as *Hercules* would do:
Like force he never felt before nor since,
Such hard extreame he never was put unto.
Just where himself had laid the Earle in ffound,
There down comes he both horse & man to ground.

Duke *Otton* seeing this, was in a rage,
And desperate humour did incense him so,
He vowed by Heaven nothing should assuage
His fury, but the death of the proud Foe.
Prepare thee, Fight to breathe thy last (quoth he)
Monster, or Devil, or whatsoe're thou be.

They joyned together by a dreadfull fight,
The splinters flie, and clattering armour sounds,
The dust ascendeth up, and blinds their sight;
The blood allayes it, streaming from their wounds:
Both their swords brake, they light, and on his back
Guy threw the Duke, that even his bones did crack.

Duke *Ranier* would revenge his Cousin then;
And for encounter he prepareth next:
Quoth *Guy*, I finde y' are wretches and no men,
That with a blow or fall so soone be vext,
But come, and welcome, I am for you all,
We say in England, The weakest must toth' wall.

They



of Guy Earle of Warwick.

They rush together that the ground did shake,
While animating Trumpets sound allarme,
In *Raniers* shoulder *Guy* a wound did make,
Whereby he lost the use of his right arme :
Yeelding himself as others did before,
Unable once to wield his weapon more.

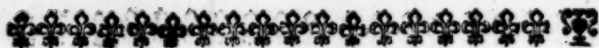
Then for a while all stood amaz'd at *Guy*,
And not a man was forward to proceed,
Till *Louvaines* Duke his fortunes went to try,
Having good hope that he should better speed ;
Well mounted, and well arm'd, he faire did sit,
On a proud Steed, that ill indur'd the Bit.

I think (quoth he) thou some Inchanter art,
That hath the force of Magick in thine arme :
He teach thee to beleeeve ere we depart ;
Quoth *Guy*, for thou shalt feele that I can charme :
He conjure thee even with an Iron spell,
My sword shall send thee unto Heaven or Hell.

With that he lent him such a cruell stroke,
That th'other did returne a weak reply ;
With second and with third his Helmet broke ;
Hold, hold, (quoth he) He rather yeeld than die.
Fight for a Woman he that list for me ;
I thinke the Devil cannot deale with thee.

D 3

Then



The Famous History

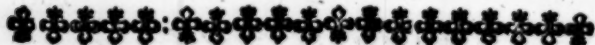
Then not a man that would encounter more,
They all were terrified and stood in feare :
And in a rage amongst themselves they swore,
What, shall a stranger all the honour beare,
Of this great day & what cursed fortune's this,
That all the glory of the field is his.

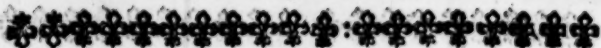
Amongst themselves his happinesse they curst,
In envies heat, not knowing what to do,
They could have kil'd him, but that no man durst
Put his own life in hazard thereunto,
If wilbes might have done it, he had dy'd,
Bur fight with him not any could abide.

The Emperour, for *Guy*, a Knight did send,
Asking his name, and birth-place, which he told,
Then said his Majesty, I much commend
Thy haughty courage, resolutely bold.
Brave English man, that art thy Countries pride,
In *Europe* lives not such a man beside.

I do admire thy worth, thy valour's great,
To speake thy praise my tongue cannot suffice,
Ascend to Honours just deserved seat,
That art a second *Hector* in mine eyes ;
This day thy worthy hand hath shown me more,
Than in my life I ever saw before.

Come





The Famous History

And that's your self: I, dare the world deny it?
But which is fairest, eyes cannot decide,
No humane judgement in the world can try it,
Who hath most beauty *Blanch*, or my faire Bride;
I dare be bold to call you beauties twins,
And *Venus*, Blackamore to both your skins.

Oh *Phelice*, here's thy Picture in this Princeſſe.
Me thinks th'art preſent in her lovely looke :
Thou that of my ſoules faculties art Miſtris,
Recorded in Times brazen-leaved Booke,
To thee if I prove falſe, or be miſ-led,
Joves Fearfull vengeance light upon my head.

Quoth *Blank*, thy constancy, and sighd deep,
Is highly to be praised, thou dost well:
He that loves promise will not faithfull keep,
In horror and in torments let him dwell:
But I suppose thy vowes are yet to make,
And so what thy sword won, thy heart may take.

What Iavouch is true, the heaven knowes,
My protestations are above the Skies,
Madam, the Sun declines, day antient growes,
Ile take my leave of you in humble wife;
My body is unto repose inclinde,
Although no rest be in my troubled minde.

My





of Guy Earle of VVar wick.

My troubled mind's is in *Warwick* Castle now,
Although my body be in *Normandy* :
Here I make others bend, there do I bow,
And lowly as the humble ground doe lie,
Even at loves feet I cast my selfe to ground,
Though victory my temples here have Crown'd.

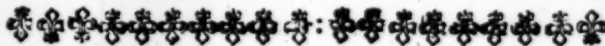
I cannot stay, I must to *England* back,
My minde mis-gives me *Phelice* is not well :
Like my sad thoughts, my Armour shall be black,
He sute me in a mournfull Iron shell :
For where the minde meets with suspitious cares,
Distrust is ever dealing doubtfull shares.

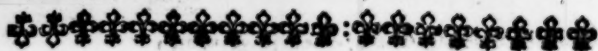
Yet I have much good fortune on my side,
That know the meanes how to attaine my blisse ;
For *Phelice* love is to conditions tyde,
And I do trust she is my owne by this :
By this she may, but if she more require,
Ther's nothing in the world I will deny re.

With hasty journey he is homeward bound,
Leaving the vulgar to their nine daies wonder :
Arriving safely on the English ground :
Posting to her, suppos'd too long asunder :
Whom with more joy his chearfull lookes behold,
Then can be pen, or lines of ink be told.

E

In



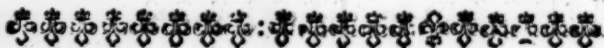


The Famous History



*In France all Knights of Christendome.
To winne a Princesse meete :
Guy conquers all, and winnes the prize,
Then doth his Goddeffe greet.*

CANT. 4





The Famous History

This stately Steed, this Faulcon, and these Hounds,
I tooke, as in full payment of the rest:
For I will keepe my love within the bounds,
That do inclose the compasse of my brest:
My constancy to thee is all my care,
Leaving all other Women as they are,

But sweet-heart, tell me, shall I have thee now?
Wilt thou consent the Priest shall do his part?
Art thou resolved still to keepe thy vow?
Is none but I halfe with thee in thy heart?
Canst thou forsake the World, change Maiden life,
And be'p thy faithfull Lover to a Wife?

Quoth *Phelice*, worthy Knight, my joyes are great,
To understand thy Honourable deeds:
It seems, some were in such a bloody sweat,
Their valour, fame, and reputation bleeds,
I give thee humble thanks that for my sake,
Such hard-adventures did'st vouchsafe take.

To win a princeesse was a precious prize:
But sure me thinkes, if I had beene Sir *Guy*,
She should have found more favour in mine eyes,
Then take a Horse, and turne Lady by.
What, is a Horse, a Faulcon and a Hounde,
More worthfull than a Lady so renown'd?

Perhaps



The Famous History

This (in effect) he did to me relate,
And I have beene obedient to his will :
Now if I would, I know not how to hate,
Of perfect kindnesse I am taught the skill :
Beleeve me, *Guy*, for if it were not so,
This secret of my heart thou should'st not know.

But now, my Love, before thou dost possesse
Thy constant *Phelice* in her marriage bed,
Thou must do deeds of greater worthinesse,
Than winning of a Lady with her Steed,
He ever love thee, though thou do ne'r more,
But will not grant the use of love before.

Not grant me use of love (quoth he) faire friend ?
Why then of force I must abroad againe :
I will content thee, or Ile make an end
One way or other, slay or else be slaine :
E're I returne againe into this Realme,
Thou shalt confesse I have fulfil'd thy Dreame.

Assist me, Heavens, as I meane upright :
For I protest by all the powers Divine,
No unjust quarrell shall procure me fight,
To wrong the wronged I will ne'r incline ;
But stand for those that by oppression fall,
In Honours venture, be it life and all.

Come,

of Guy Earle of Warwick.

Come, my *Bellona*, do thou gird my sword,
 Embrace my Armour in thy Ivory arms :
 And such kind kisses as thou canst afford,
 Bestow upon me in the stead of Charmes;
 I think upon *Ulysses* loving Wife,
 How thou art now to imitate her life.

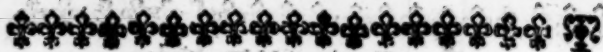
Farewell, my *Phelice*, health and happinesse
Attend thee ever, to thy hearts desire :
And I beseech God grant me like successe,
As I resolve my love to thee intire.
At my returne, when *Mars* his businesse ends,
My comfort is, *Rymen* will make amends.

And so unto Earle *Roband* he repaires,
And tells him he is come to take his leave:
He must seeke out where honour dealeth shares,
To purchase that which worthy men receive.
At home (sayes he) my Honourable Lord,
I finde, that Valour nothing can afford.

Therefore Ile search abroad what's to be done,
From Country unto Kingdome Ile resort :
By natures course my Glasse hath much to runne :
I well may spare some yeeres for fighting sport ;
Of idlenesse there's nothing comes but evill,
I hate a Coward as I hate the Devill.

GNY





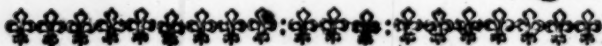
The Famous History

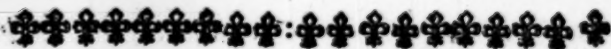
Guy (quoth the Earle) thou mak'st me grieve at this,
The newes is more than I can well indure;
Thy wished compauy so soone to misse,
When I did make account I had bene sure
Possist of thee, at thy late travels end,
And dost thou now journeyes of new intend.

Remaine with me, trust not to Fortunes power,
Though now she have so well and kindly dealt:
She may allot thee in unlueky houre,
That instantly her favours so hast felt:
Her courtesies are most unconstant things,
Beleeve her not, she dealeth false with Kings.

Triumphant on her wheele thou now dost sit,
And with Fames triumph thy glory doth remaine:
Oh! do not over-rathly hazard it;
Lost honour is not easily got againe,
May not one cursed and unhappy blow
Betray thy life to thy insulting foe?

May not a monster, or a savage Beast:
At unawares deprive thee of thy breath?
May not a Tyrant, when thou thinkest least,
Cut off thy course, by an untimely death?
May not a thousand dangers on thee light,
Where but thy selfe, thy wronged selfe must right?
(Quoth

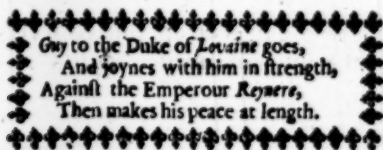




of Guy Earle of Warwick.

(Quoth *Guy*) My Lord, danger he may not feare,
That to adventures doth himself dispose;
He must a minde of resolution beare,
And think himself too good for all his foes.
He never dread I shall be over-mand,
While I have hands to fight, or legs to stand.

Therefore in humble sort I leave your Honour,
Wishing all health unto your happy state :
If fortune take a frowning mood upon her,
Why, she shall see I will disdain her hate :
What star soever swa'd when I was born,
I have a minde will laugh mis-hap to scorn.

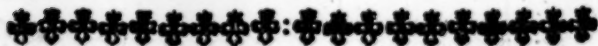


CANTO. 5.

Now *Guy* expects a favourable gale :
Which to his hearts desire he doth attaine,
And with a speedy passage he doth saile,
To seeke adventures out in *France* againe,
Where finding none, from thence away he hies
To *Louaine*, where in siege the Emperour lies.

F

For



The Famous History

For *Sedgwin Duke of Louaines* hap was such,
At Turnament a Noble man to kill,
The Emperours Cousin, whom he loved much,
And took the death of him exceeding ill.
So that a quarrell thereupon arose,
And waies ensued betwixt two mighty foes.

Thither goes *Guy* to lend the Duke his aid ;
But in the way an accident befell :
For by Duke *Otton* he was false betray'd,
And's life in question, which he freed well.
Otton in France before disgrac'd by *Guy*,
Had vow'd where ere he met him, he should dye.

And to that end, sixteen appointed were,
To lie in ambush, and surprize him so;
All men of resolution, void of feare,
That in a Forrest did themselves bestow;
And set on *Guy*, onely with three Knights more;
The like distresse he ne'r was in before.

Now, Gentlemen, and loving friends (quoth he)
Show yourselves English-hearted; rightly bred:
Here is some odds, sixteen unto you three,
But I the fourth will stand you in some sted,
You three shall combat six; that's two for one,
And with the other ten let me alone.

Where

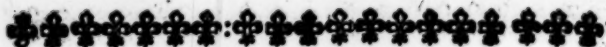
of Guy Earle of Warwick.

Wherewith he drew his sword, and laid about,
That ratling armout eccho'd in the skie,
Dealing so resolute amongst the rout,
That down they drop on every side and die.
Here lieth one that hath no legs to stand,
And there another wanting head and hand.

Guy quickly made dispatch of his halfe score,
He was not long in ridding them away:
But then remained half a dozen more,
Which two of his most worthy Knights did slay:
When he perceiv'd them fall, he stamp't the ground,
And utter'd forth this fearfull angry sound:

Ah villaines, how my soule abhors this sight,
For these, how my revenging passion strives to murther
This bloody deed, with blood I will requite:
You die for it, had each a thousand lives:
Two slain out-right, and *Heraud* wounded too,
Is the last curst act that you shall do.

With force (as 'twere exceeding humane strength)
He layes upon them blowes to stagger under,
And brings them breathlesse to the ground at length,
Cut all in peace-meal for the Crowes afunder:
There lie (quoth he) and feast fowles of the aire,
Or feed those savage beasts that will repaire.



The Famous History

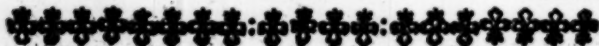
But these sweet Gentlemen that resign'd
Their dearest lives, even for the love of me,
And came from *England* as their love inclin'd,
Companions in my hardest haps to be,
I will interre in honourable wise,
With best solemnity I can devise.

From thence unto a Hermit dwelling nye
He rode, and did commit that charge with care;
Who did perform the office carefully,
And *Heraud* home unto his Cell he bare;
Who was not dead, though *Guy* suppos'd him slaine,
But by the Hermit was restor'd again.

Now forth goes *Guy*, pensive, perplexed, sad,
Grieving that destinie so cruelly dealt;
For left alone, no company he had,
To ease the torments that in heart he felt:
Till travelling along, at last he found
A place for honour very much renown'd.

There did he meet with Tilt and Turnament,
And entertain'd both glory and delight:
There fortune yeelded him her full consent,
To win the best of every valiant Knight:
Of all the worthy men that did resort,
Not one could match him in Duke *Reyners* Court.

Then



of Guy Earle of Warwick.

Then to the Duke of *Millaine* he repaires,
Where for his worth he is admir'd of all;
And understanding that some great affaires
'Twixt *Sedgwin* Duke of *Lovaine* did befall,
And th'Emperour, *Millaine* he did forsake,
And towards *Lovaine* did his journey take.

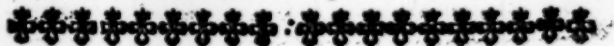
As he did passe upon the way, he meets
A Pilgrim, that with travell seemed faint:
Whom in all humane courtesie he greets,
And with some newes intreats him to acquaint
His longing care: he with a sigh or two
Said, Sir, with newes I little have to do.

One thing in all this world is all my care,
And onely that, and nothing else I minde;
I seek a man, and seeke him in despaire,
Because I long have sought, and cannot finde:
A man more dearly to my soules-lovetide,
Then all the men are in the world beside.

Why, what art thou (quoth *Guy*) or who is he?
Of kindnesse be so kinde as tell in brieft,
I am an English man of Knights degree;
(Quoth *Herand*) and the subject of my grief,
Is losse of one Sir *Guy*, my Country-man:
Guy with joyes teares lights to imbrace him than.

F 3

And



The Famous History

And art thou living, *Herand*, my deare friend,
(Quoth he) and kindly tooke him in his armes?
Then cheerfully let forrowes all take end,
And let me know who cur'd thee of thy harmes?
The good old Hermit by his skill did save me,
With wholsome medicines, and salves he gave me.

Guy did rejoyce, and Herands joyes abound,
At this so good and happy accident:
No angry Stars in opposition frownd,
But each was owner of his own content.
So passing with good fortune on their side,
Unto the Duke of *Lorraine* they do ride.

The City in distresse besieg'd they finde,
And very small resistance could be made;
But *Sedon* was right joyfull in his minde,
That worthy *Guy* was come unto his ayde.
For now (quoth he) boldly presume I can,
We have a honourable valiant man.

Advise me, warlike Knight, what's to be done,
To free the present danger we are in?
My Lord (quoth *Guy*) there's freedom to be wonne,
Even by a courle, my self will first begin :
Let's issue forth upon them presently,
Our courages will make the cowards flye.

of Guy Earle of Warwick.

Ile give consent to any thing thou wilt,
Thy project willingly I do approve :
Let limb be lost, let life and blood be spilt,
All follow thee, that come to me in love.
Open the Gates, let's beat them from our Walls:
" He lies no lower than the ground that falls.

Then suddenly the City they forsooke,
And on the Almaines resolutely set :
Where such a bloody slaughter they did make,
That many thousand lives paid death his debt :
Of thirty thousand that in siege there lay,
Scarce thirty hundred that escap'd away.

The Emperour at this was much griev'd,
And with new Forces gave a new assault :
Knowing the City could not be reliev'd,
And then their strength would weaken by default :
So comes upon them, with a fresh supply,
Thinking at length to famish them thereby.

Guy and the Duke upon the walls appeare,
And tell him he shall never win the town :
For they can spare their Souldiers much good cheer,
Throwing them victuals in abundance down.
Intreating them, if they want more than that,
To speak, they shall have store to make them fat.

But

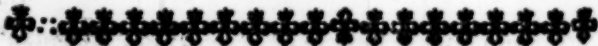
The Famous History

But now (quoth *Guy*) your bodies are well fed,
How do you feel your stomachs to go fight?
I am afraid you are not rightly bred,
But dunghills, that will sooner crow than bite:
For still when Cowards do begin a fray,
Looke ere it ends to see them run away;

But 'tis not so, alas, y'are not the men,
Unlesse perhaps asleepe you should vs catch :
For waking wee'l encounter one for ten,
And neuer wish to haue a better match.
Haue at you once againe, set fast we come,
March on my hearts, sound trumpets, strike up drum.

Upon the sudden, with the Foe they be,
Fighting like men that laugh'd pale death to scorn:
Resolved now they would their City free,
Or never live to see the next day morn.
Much blood was shed, great store of lives it cost,
And on the *Almaines* side the field was lost.

The



of Guy Earle of Warwick.

The Duke with *Guy* pursue their foes in chase,
Who like so many hares away do flye;
Wishing that they had wings to mend their pace,
So sweet is life to them that feare to dye :
But Fortune in an angry doom decreed,
Their glory, honour, fame, and life should bleed.

The Victors to the City then retired,
With Trophies of triumphant glory wonne :
And all that heard the action, much admired
The great exploit, so resolutely done :
But unto *Guy*, the Duke all thanks did yeeld,
For thou (quoth he) art *Cesar* of our Field.

My Lord (quoth *Guy*) I joy not half so much,
That we have wrought a freedom by the sword,
As I should glory, if my hap were such,
'Twixt you and th'Emperour to make accord :
Give me but leave, I will endeavour it,
And put good will to a blunt Souldiers wit.

The Duke consents with thanks, and doth intreat
Him take a guard of Souldiers forth the Town,
Danger that seems but little may prove great,
I would not have thee wrong'd for *Reyners* Crown :
Go, honourable man, what thou shalt do,
Ile set my hand, my heart, my life thereto.

G

Guy



The Famous History

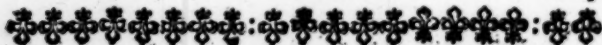
Guy goes unto the Emperour, speakes thus :
High Majesty, all health unto thy Grace,
And Peace to thee, if thou say Peace to us ;
And Love to thee, if Love thou wilt imbrace :
As we are Christians, let us warre no more,
But fight 'gainst such as will not God adore.

We sue not to thee in a servile manner,
As dreading any power or force thou halt ;
For victory doth now display his Banner,
And Warre yeelds us a sweet and pleasant taste :
No cause doth move it, but a Conscience cause,
To bring the Heathens to religious Lawes.

Speake *Regner*, and resolve, what wilt thou do ?
With Souldiers brevity my Messlage ends ?
Give me an answer even as brieft thereto :
Shall we be Christian foes, or Christian friends ?
Shall we among our selves that name deuide ?
Or challenge those that have the same denide ?

Brave English-man, hadst thou spoke thus before,
Thousands (qd. he) had liv'd which now are slaine:
Earth should have wanted of that slaughtered store,
Which in her vasty bowels now remaine,
Thou hast prevail'd with me, hote warre shall cease,
And I imbrace thee as a friend of Peace.

Thy



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of Guy Earle of Warwick.

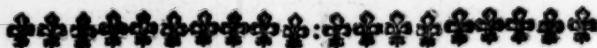
Thy motion tends to honour, honours Knight,
 And thou shalt live in fames immortall praise:
 When thou art buried in eternall night,
 Thy name shall last the longest length of dayes:
 Thou dost the Worthies of the World exceed,
 Blest be thy Country did thy person breed.

Come, go my Liege (quoth *Guy*) unto the Town,
 And with Duke *Segwin* there a League renue:
 Our ends shall be to pull the Pagans down,
 That unto Christs Religion are untrue.
 My greatest joy will be, to heare it said,
 This is the best dayes work that e're *Guy* made.

Guy with a thousand chosen men,
 Against the Pagans goes: (felt
 And makes them curse that e're they
 The force of Christian blowes.

CANTO. 6.

THE power of Peace hath vanquish't stubborne
 And mighty Princes worthily conclude, (war,
 The sword shall rust in sheath, before it jarre,
 To be with bloud of Innocents imbrew'd:
 Christians in name and action to unite,
 Gainst unbeleeving Infidels to fight.



The Famous History

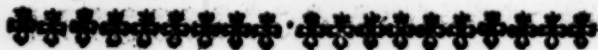
Guy with a thousand men doth take his leave;
To hearken further after martiall newes,
And doth a true intelligence receive,
That barbr'ous Pagans, Sarazens and Jewes,
Turks, and the like, of *Mahomets* blinde crue;
In most confused war, each other flew.

To them he goes, partiall on neither part,
(His sword did favour every side alike)
They all were odious to him in his heart,
Which arm'd his hand with vigour for to strike,
And worke amazement unto their contending,
Coming so roughly to their quarrels ending.

(Quoth they amongst themselves) what fellow's this
That layes about him like a mad man thus?
Of certainty, more than a man he is;
For humane force would feare to fight with us:
But if he be as seemeth by his shape,
Had he ten thousand lives he should not scape.

Then did a haughty Pagan step to *Guy*,
And said to him, if valour in the rest,
Let's have a little sport 'twixt thee and I,
Onely to see which of our swords cuts best:
Thou hast a weapon there is like a Reed;
Me thinks it is too blunt to make one bleed.

Too



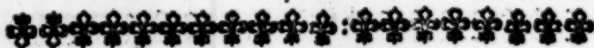
of Guy Earle of VVarwick.

Too blunt (quoth *Guy*) and in his anger groanes,
Pagan, I like thy humour passing well,
Ile whet it ere we part, upon thy bones,
And then another tale thou wilt me tell :
If it should faile me now, it were a wonder,
Such Lubbers it hath often hew'd in sunder.

But come, art ready? bid thy friends adiew,
And say thy prayers unto thy Pagan gods,
For I do meane to use thee like a Jew,
Because with Christians thou dost live at ods ;
Look that thy head be set on sure and fast,
Or mortall man, Ile prove thee but a blast.

Then did they lend each other lusty knocks,
That sparks of fire did from their helmets flie :
The partiall multitude about them flocks,
Expecting all the end and death of *Guy* :
For *Coldran* whom he fought withall was strong,
And had been Champion to the Pagans long.

At length *Guy* lent him such a speeding blow,
That down comes *Coldran* & his strength to ground.
Pagan (quoth he) is my sword sharp or no,
With which even now so blunt a fault you found?
Rise quick, for if thy legs thou canst not feel,
Off goes thy head, as true as this is steel.



The Famous History

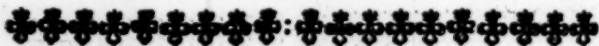
Forthwith he made him shorter by the head :
 And that unto the Emperour he sent :
 The Infidels grew all astonished,
 For they in *Coldran* were so confident,
 They durst have ventur'd goods, and life, and limbe,
 On any combat that was fought by him.

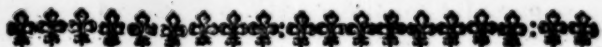
Then *Herand* (to give *Guy* some breathing space)
 Challeig'd a Pagan called *Elmadant* ;
 And dar'd him, and defi'd him to his face ;
 (For valiant *Herond* did no courage want)
 The Pagan somewhat hot with fvrrie fild,
 Did combat, being quickly cool'd and kild.

Presently *Guy* unto another comes,
 Call'd *Morgadour*, and foundly with his blade
 Layes on him, and his senses so benums,
 He tumbles head-long like a tyred lade. (down
 The Pagans seeing their Champions thus goe
 Forsooke the Field, retyring to the Town.

Where a most bloody tyrant bare the sway,
 Who hearing what had hapned, full of ire,
 Went armed to the Tent whereas *Guy* lay,
 And did a combat at his hands require.
 Villaine (quoth he) whom like a Dog I scorne,
 Ile make thee curse the time that thou wast borne.

Know





of *Guy Earle of Warwick.*

Know runagate I come to fetch thy head,
For to a Lady I have promis'd it :
My Curres shall with thy English flesh be fed,
They must devour thy body every bit :
Come, I have vow'd by *Mahomet* thou dy'st
Thou canst not scape by trusting in thy Christ.

And hast thou given away my head (quoth he)
Unto a *Lady* ? 'tis a brave intent :
An honest man will his words master be ;
And never promise more than he hath ment,
Come on thy wayes and take it quickly off,
Or else the Lady will suppose you scoffe.

With proud dildaine together then they rush,
Laying it on as fast as both could drive :
But *Eskeldart*, *Guyes* sword did so becrush,
That for his head he durst no longer strive :
But on the sudden for to save his owne,
Puts Spurs to Horse, and all in poast is gone.

Guy then returnes to *Herand* and declares
What a bold fellow came to fetch his head :
Who smiling at it, merrily prepares
To tell of his adventures, how he sped,
With a false Coward called *Adelart*,
That wounded him with an envenom'd Dart.

And



For *Addellart* I wounded in the side,
And *Ejtellard* I curtailed by the knees :
Then left them lying, Death to be their guide,
Unto the Jayle where worms do claime their fees :
So when these two were seen to fall down dead,
All th'other Pagans with amazement fled.

Why then (quoth *Guy*) all's quiet, I perceive,
These Miscreants like unto Foxes hye :
But gentle *Herand*, e're we take our leave,
One Combat more I am resolv'd to try :
The Generall of this accursed rout,
Shall be the man I meane to single out.

They term him mighty *Souldan* Friend, I long
To make a proof if he deserve the name,
I am in doubt they do him mighty wrong,
If might be wanting to avouch the same,
Titles of worth become base cowards ill,
We try what's in him, hap what-ever will.

Nay





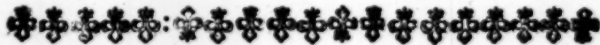
of Guy Earle of Warwick.

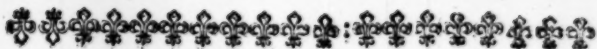
Nay *Heraud*, leave me, prethee do forbear,
I will be speedy, tarry in this Wood :
Go to yon grasie banke, repose thee there,
And with this Balsome, stay those drops of blood :
E're *Phæbus* in the Occident decline :
Death shall conclude the *Souldans* life or mine.

Said *Heraud*, since thou wilt not let me go,
But dost appoint this bed of earth to beare me,
Till thou returne I will converse with woe,
And will not suffer any bird sing neere me :
With longing eyes, and carefull list'ning eares,
Ile spend thy absent time in prayers and teares.

Guy poasts with speed, and doth the *Souldan* finde,
And thus he speakes : Art thou that man of might,
Surnamed so by tongues, and peoples minde ?
Here is a Christian comes to dare thee fight :
Both Mahomet and thee I do desie,
And heres a sword I will maintaine it by.

The *Souldan* with a staring looke replies,
Thou Christian slave, Ile chastize thee with Steele ;
Thou art an odious creature in mine eyes,
And thy presumption shall my fury feelee ;
With that at *Guy* he ran with all his force,
Their Launces brake, and each forsooke his Horse.
H Then





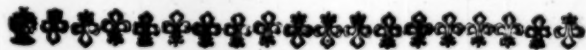
of Guy Earle of Warwick.



His Laay sends him forth againe,
Whose will he doth obey :
And manfully a Dragon kils,
To part a cruell fray.

H 2

There





The Famous History

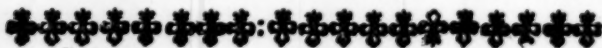
There with the christall streams they cool their heat,
And slack the thirst they had endured long,
There did they make the hearbs & roots their meat,
To satisfie for Natures hungry wrong;
But on the sudden at a noise they wonder,
A Lyon roar'd as if great *Jove* did thunder.

Herand (quoth *Guy*) to Horse, let's be prepar'd,
And leave our dinner 'till another day;
Here is a sound, I never was so scar'd,
Ile seeke it out, it comes from yonder way:
Some Monster or some Devill makes a noise,
For on my life it is no humane voyce.

So forth he rides, and underneath a hill,
He finds a Dragon with a Lyon met:
Brave sport (said he) I pray fight out your fill,
And then upon the strongest I will set:
Which of the twaine that first aside doth start,
I am a friend that will maintaine his part.

The Dragon windes his crooked knotted tayle,
About the Lyons legs, to cast him so;
The Lyon fastens on his rugged scale,
And nimbly doth avoid that overthrow:
Then tooth and naile, they cruell teare and bite,
Maintaining long a fierce and bloody fight.

At





of Guy Earle of VVarwick.

At last the Lyon faintly turnes aside,
And lookes about, as if he would be gone,
Nay then (quoth *Guy*) Dragon, have at your hide,
Defend your Devils face, Ile lay it on.
With that couragiously to worke he goes,
And deales the Dragon very manly blowes.

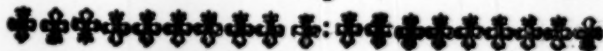
The ugly Beasts (with flaggy wings display'd)
Comes at him mainely, with most dreadfull pawes,
Whose very lookes might make a man afraid,
So terrible seemed his devouring jawes,
Wide gaping, grisly, like the mouth of hell ;
More horrible then pen or tongue can tell.

His blazing eyes did burne like living fire,
And forth his smoaking gorge came sulphur smoke,
Aloft his speckled brest he lifted higher,
Then *Guy* could reach at length of weapons stroke :
Thus in most irefull mood himselfe he bore,
And gave a cry, as Seas are wont to roare.

With that his mortall sting he stretched out,
Exceeding far the sharpest point of steele ;
Then turnes and windes his scaly taile about
The Horses legs, more nimble then an Eele :
With that *Guy* hewes upon him with his blade,
And three mens strength to every blow he laid.

H 3

One





The Famous History

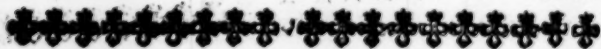
One fatall blow he gave him in his side,
From whence did issue streames of swarty blood,
The sword had made a passage broad and wide,
That deep into the Monsters gore *Guy* stood :
Then with a second wound he overtooke him,
Which made the Dragon turn, to have forlook him.

Nay then (quoth he) thou hast not long to live,
I see thou faintest at the point to fall,
Then such a stroak of death he did him give,
That down comes Dragon, crying out withall
So horrible, the sound did more affright
The Conquerour, than all the dreadfull fight.

Away he rides, and lets that Hell-hound lye,
But looking back, espies behind his Horse
The Lion coming after, very nye,
Which makes him light, to follow manly force :
But when the Beast beheld his weapon drawne,
He came to him, and like a Dogge did fawne.

Like to that gratefull Lion which did free
Andradus life, for pulling out a thorne,
When for offence he should by Lawes decree
Within the Theatre by Beasts be torne,
The Lion came and lick'd him very kinde,
Bearing (as seem'd) an old good turne in minde.

Even



of Guy Earle of Warwick.

Even fo this gentle creature deales with him,
For that fame benefit which he had done,
Although by Nature cruell, fierce, and grim,
Yet like a Spaniell by his Horfe did runne,
Continuing many dayes, with great defire,
Till extreme hunger forced him retire.

Now towards the Sea *Guy* doth his journey take,
Imbarks for *France*, but by contrary winde
Arrives in *Almaine*, where the Nobles make
Great triumph for him, and with joyfull minde,
The Emperour rejoyceth he is come,
And bids him welcome into Christendome.

There is he entertain'd with Turnament,
With Kingly Banquets, Princely revelling:
And multitudes to give their eyes content,
Attend him with their throng, still wondering
At all his worthy acts report had spread,
Wherewith their eares most strangely had been fed.

From thence he travels toward his loving friend,
The Duke of *Lovaine* whom he long'd to see:
But ere he came unto his journeyes end,
A wronged Lady he did worthily tree:
Which violently was from her love bereft,
And he at point of death, fore wounded left.

Thus



The Famous History

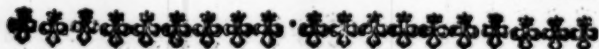
Thus it befell, *Terry* a valiant Earle,
With his Love, surnam'd *Ofile* the faire,
(His precious *Jemme*, inestimable *Pearle*)
Into a Forreſt went to take the ayre :
Whereas a Plot was laid to take his life,
And make his beautious Love anothers wiſe,

Upon the ſudden ſixteen villaines came
Unto the Earle, and did him grievous wound :
Sirra (quoth one) thou haſt a wench we claime,
She muſt with us, lie thou there on the ground :
And the next paſſenger that thou doſt ſee,
Intreat him make a grave to bury thee.

Guy finding *Terry* thus, hearing his plaint,
Doth comfort him in kindeſt fort he can ;
Who with the loſſe of blood doth weakly faint,
With face of deadly colour, pale and wan :
Courage (quoth he) Ile fetch thy Love againe,
Or ſay that *Guy* is but a coward ſwaine.

VVhen *Terry* heard that name, he did revive,
For unto him *Guyes* worthy deeds were knowne :
And liſting up himſelfe from ground, did ſtrive,
For to imbrace him in deep paſſions groane :
Thanks gracions Heaven (qd. he) with ſoule & heart,
For ſending thee, to take my wronged part.

VVhich



of Guy Earle of VVarwick.

Which is the way (quoth he) those Villaines went,
That path, said wofull Terry, by you Oke,
Have after them, this deed they shall repent,
As I am a Christian Knight : and as he spoke
He heard a shriek, which was the Ladies cry,
So by that sound he did them soone descry.

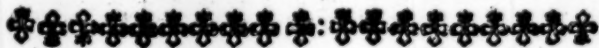
Coming unto them wretched Slaves (quoth he)
 What do you purpose with this Lady here?
 Inlarge her presently, and set her free,
 You have done wrongs, that will be rated deare;
Her Husband wounded, the us'd violent,
 Will cost your lives a price incontinent.

VVith that they laugh'd, and said, VVhat fool's this
Or rather mad man in his desp'rate mind, (fame,
That meanes by wilfull death to get a name,
And have the World report he hath been kind:
The fellow sure is in some frantick fit:
And meanes to fight, without both feare or wit.

Like so (quoth he) the fit that's on me now,
You shall all find to be a raging one;
VVith that he shows them *Mars* his angry brow,
And bids the Lady cease her penfive mone.
Saying, Good Madame, unto joy incline
For suddenly the Rascals will be mine,

I

Then





The Famous History

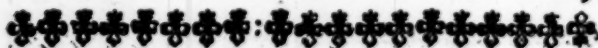
Thus with a courage admirable bold,
At every blow some one or other dies;
Which when the gentle Lady did behold:
Gh pittie, worthy Knight, she cries:
These mortall wounds I can no longer see,
Be not so bloody in revenging me.

Upon my knees I do intreate thee stay,
This is to me a terrifying sight:
Oh, with their lives thou takest mine away,
If one dye more, I fainting yeeld my spirit.
Thou worthily my honour hast defended,
Let the revenging of my wrongs be ended.

Lady (quoth he) I cease at your request,
Depart base Rascals, all but two be gone:
But Villaines you did bind her for the rest,
And strook them with his sword (the scabbard on)
That down the ground they fell, making this scuse,
My Lord, we only kept hereto thy use.

Then on his Steed he sets the Lady ride,
To seeke her Lord, whom she had left distrest:
And *Guy* unto the place became her guide,
Where comming they did finde him, carefull drest:
For in their absence came a Hermit by,
Which to his bleeding wounds did salve apply.

Terry



[illegible]

Guy takes Earle Ternus Fathers part
And kills the Duke his foe :
With sword destroyes a cruell Bore,
Preventing dangers fo.

[illegible]

.....

12 On





The Famous History

On every side they cast a heedfull eye,
Still doubting on the sudden some surprize;
At length two armed men they did espie,
That also listen to those fearefull cryes:
Each had his sword in hand, being ready drawn,
Knowing, that placedid yeeld no dogs would fawn.

Comming more neere, Sir *Herand* was the one,
The other even as dearly *Terries* friend, (known
Who with embracements made their gladnesse
And then the Earle demanded to what end,
His loving Cousin, pass'd the Desert so?
My Lord (quoth he) to bring the news of woe.

Thy noble Father is besieged now,
In his strong Castle, by Duke *Ottous* power;
Who hath protested by a solemne vow,
About his ears he will pull down the Tower,
In a revenge that thou his Love hast got,
He swares thy Fathers life escapeth not.

His Love (quoth *Terry*) prethee *Osile* speake,
Acquit this worthy man with thy soules thought:
Have I procur'd thee any faith to breake?
Or beene the instigator unto ought,
That is unjust in righteous Heavens sight,
Never (quoth *Osile*) thou hast beene upright.

That

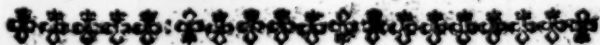


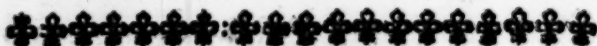
That wretched man would force my love away,
In claiming that, I ne'r intend to give,
I will be thine untill my dying day.
Thou shalt enjoy me all the hours I live.
And when I alter this Determination,
Let gods, and men, hold me in detestation.

Well spake (said *Guy*) Lady, be constant ever,
And honour's blemish then thou needst not doubt :
Keepe loves foundation firme, alter it never,
It is for Love I range the World about :
And do expose my life to morrall danger,
In this exiled state, an unknown stranger.

But *Terry*, wherefore are thy looks so sad,
That hath thy Love in person to embrace?
As farre as *England* mine is to be had,
And many yeares I have not seene her face?
It were enough to bring my hopes to end:
But that my patience is a trusty friend.

My Lord (said *Terry*) know you not my griefe?
And heard this *Messenger* relate the cause?
Oh, my distressed Father wants reliefe,
I were a Rebelle unto Natures lawes,
Not to condole with him in his extreme,
Making his troubles my true sorrowes Theme.





The Famous History

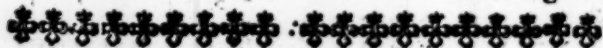
If that be all (quoth he) thou art to blame,
There is no cause to spend a fight thereon :
He terrifie Duke *Otton* with my name,
Let him but heare I come, and hee'l be gone,
Something betweene us may not be forgot.
He felt my sword in *France* but lik't it not.

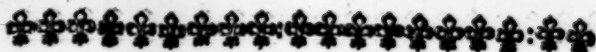
Since that against my life a plot he laid,
By Villaines that surpriz'd we in a wood,
But treachery with vengeance was repaid,
Who ever knew a Traytors end prove good ?
Accursed haps attend the evermore :
In Brazen Bull *Perillus* did first roare.

I will go with thee to defend thy father,
(for the oppressed I have vo'wd to right)
And reason moveth it : so much the rather,
Mine owne abuses therewith to requite ;
This opportunity wee'l not omit,
In that occasion falleth out so fit :

Let's hasten on with speed unto the place,
Preventing mischief er'e to farre it runne ;
Take hold on time before he turnes his face,
Good proveth best when it is soonest done ;
Go like *Eneas* with a filiall joy.
To fetch thine old *Anchisee* out of *Troy*.

Couragions





of Guy Earle of Warwick.

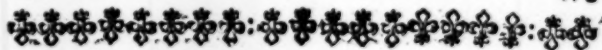
Couragious Knight (quoth *Terry*) thy bold heart,
Cannot be daunted, I perceiue, with feare,
Compos'd of *Mars* his element thou art,
Of powerfull limbs to manage Sword and Speare :
My melancholy thou hast banish'd hence,
And with strong hope arm'd me in recompence.

Now all in poast they speed themselves away,
And in short time into the Castle come,
Whereas Duke *Otton* and his forces lay,
Relying on his Souldiers ample summe :
But when the Captaines of *Guyes* coming knew,
They fled by night, and never bad adew.

This was discouragement to all the rest,
To see their Leaders thus give ground and flie :
Yet did the Duke most resolute protest,
If each man in the Castle were a *Guy*,
He would not leave it basely, and retire,
Though life be deare, yet honours place is hyer.

Terry (said *Guy*) we must not tedious be :
Experience often hath my Tutor bin,
And taught, that when advantage I do see,
To fasten on occasion. and begin,
The Enemy by feare himselfe subdues,
Adde force to that, and victory ensues.

We





The Famous History

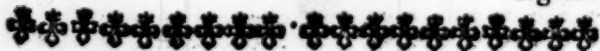
VVe will not make our prison of this place,
As long as there is field roome to be got ;
Tis my desire to meete the Dukes good Grace,
And combat him, because he loves me not,
If that you will not leave this house of stone,
Ile leave you all ; and go my selfe alone.

And with these words *Herand* and he depart,
VWhich when the Castle-souldiers did perceiue,
They gave a shout, Our Generall thou art,
Thy honourable steps we will not leave,
We are resolved to attend thee still,
Let fortune use us, even as fortune will.

And thus most valiant they do march along,
Giving the onset, fearelesse to their foe,
Making those multitudes that seeme so strong,
Retire themselves with slaughtered overthrow,
But when the Duke perceiv'd his Souldiers fly,
Perish (quoth he) base villaines, here Ile die.

VWhere is this English man that haunts my ghost,
And thus pursueth me from place to place ?
I challenge him to come and leave the host,
And meet with resolution, face to face,
Let equall envy make this equall match,
All controversies we will soone dispatch.

Agreed



of Guy Earle of Warwick.

Agreed (quoth *Guy*) proud foe, I yeeld consent,
Repent thy wrongs, and make thy conscience clear;
For thou hast liv'd to see thy honour spent,
Which worthy men of all things hold most deare.
The noble-minded censure him with shame,
That lives to see the death of his good name.

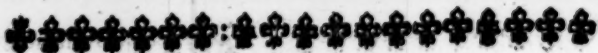
Then toward each other they did mainly make
And brake their Launces very violent :
Which being done, their swords in hand they take, |
Fighting untill great store of blood was spent.
For envy did the Dukes keene weapon whet,
And on *Guyes* sword, revenge an edge did set.

At length through losse of blood the Duke fell down
And said, Now fond felicity farewell,
I am betraid by fortunes angry frown,
And this, experience to the world doth tell,
There's nothing constant that the earth containes,
Death deales with Monarchs, as with simple Swains.

Bewitching vanities, seducing blinde us,
Greatnesse hath great accounts thereon depending :
As death doth leave us, so shall judgement finde us,
There is no peace unto a happy ending :
My dying houre yeelds more repentant grace,
Then in my life I ever could embrace.

K

Thim.



The Famous History

Th'immortall soule doth with these words depart,
And leaves the breathlesse body did containe it,
While wofull p^{er}ssions do afflict *Guyes* heart;
Now wishing to himself he had not slaine it:

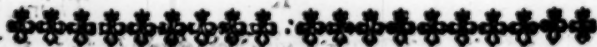
*For true humility compassion shoves,
To see afflictions over-burien moes.*

Guy sheath'd his sword, and said, Remain thou there,
Untill I do arrive on *Englands* shore,
No further quarrell to the world I beare,
For love of *Rhelice* I will bleed no more:
From her I have been too too long away,
And will returne to challenge Souldiers pay.

So thence he rode to finde Sir *Herand* out:
Making his journey through a desert place,
Which was obscure, environ'd round about,
With shady trees, that hid bright *Phabus* face,
Where suddenly he met the hugest Bore,
That ever mortall eye beheld before.

The Beast came at him most exceeding fell;
Which he preventing, stands upon his guard,
And doth avoid those dreadfull Tuskes right well,
Laying upon the Swinish head so hard,
That dead he left him, who had many slaine,
For forth that wood, no man came back againe.

When



of Guy Earle of Warwick.

When this was done, *Herand* he overtakes,
And tels him what a Christmas Brawne he slew,
Then with his purpose him acquainted makes,
Which was to bid all Forraigne parts adiew,
And see the heavenly object of his heart;
Herand consents, and they forthwith depart.

To *England* comes victorious *Guy*,
And doth faire *Phelice* wed:
At *Yorke* presenting *Athelstone*
A dreadfull Dragons head.

CANTO. 9.

A Ssisted now by nimble winged time,
Guy shapes his course for *England*, & doth leave
The bold adventures of each forraigne Clime,
Loves just reward from *Phelice* to receive;
As *Hercules* twelve Labours being past,
Found time for *Dianiraes* love at last.

Herand and *Guy* no sooner do arrive,
But newes thereof unto the King was brought,
Who heard of all before they did atchieve;
Which made him much desirous in his thought
To see such Subjects, matchlesse men alone,
In honouring *England* and King *Athelstone*,

K 2

To



The Famous History

To *Terke* they go, for there the King was then,
To whom they did most humble duty shew:
Welcome (quoth he) renowned martiall men,
My Princely love upon you I bestow;
Your fortunate successe contentment breeds:
Fam: came before, & brought us home your deeds,

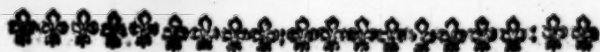
Guy, thou hast laid a heavy hand we heare,
Upon the necks of Pagans, Infidels,
And sent them home by fatall sword and speare,
To horrors vault, where unbelievers dwels.
Devouring Beasts thou likewise hast destroy'd,
That humane creatures fearefull have annoy'd.

Yet worthy man, I thinke thou ne'r didst slay,
Of all those monsters, terrible and wilde,
More cruell creature then at this same day,
Destroyes what e're he meets, man, woman, childe,
Cattell and all, which no man dare withstand;
A dreadfull Dragon in *Northumberland*.

I speake not this to animate thee on,
And hazard life as setting foot on shore,
For divers to destroy this Beast have gone,
But to their friends never returned more:
No, I expresse how happy thou hast been,
To free like feares that other men were in,

Dread



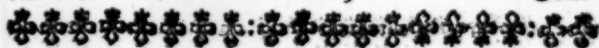


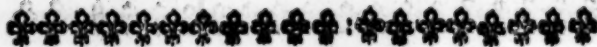
Dread Lord (quoth *Guy*) as I am English Knight,
And faithfull unto God, true to my King,
I will go see if that same beast dare bite,
For to your Grace his head I meane to bring.
I found his fellow with a Lyon fighting,
But made him leave both scratching and his Living.

And as I dealt with him, Ile deale with this,
Onely I do beseech your Royall Grace,
Command me some direction where he is,
And to your Court Ile bring his ugly face.
Or your milde favour never let me see;
Dragon, or Devill, whatsoere he be.

So taking humble leave, away he rides
Unto *Northumberland*, to finde that Beast:
Having a dozen Knights which were his guides,
And brought him where the Dragon held his feast
Like *Canniball*, that feeds on flesh of men:
Behold (quoth they to *Guy*) yon *Cave's* his Den.

It is enough, said he : do you remain,
And leave me to go finde out *Hidra's* head,
That never shall deuoure a man againe,
Who with so many bodies hath been fed :
Here, Gentlemen, if you please to stay,
Sit on your Horses and behold our fray.





The Famous History

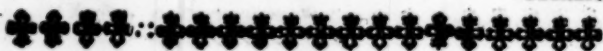
Comming unto the Cave, the Dragon spies him,
And forth he stalkes with lofty speck'ed brest,
Of dreadfull forme: as soone as e're *Guy* eyes him,
His Launce he speedy set into his rest;
Then spurres to Horse, and at the Dragon makes,
That bearing ground at the encounter shakes.

Then very lightly *Guy* returns his Horse,
And comes upon him with redoubled might,
The Dragon meets him with resisting force,
And like a Reed his Launce in two did bite;
Nay then (quoth *Guy*) if to such bites you fall,
I have a tooth to pick your teeth withall.

Then drew his sword (a keene and massie blade)
And fiercely strooke with furious blowes so fell,
That many wide and bloody wounds he made,
Which caus'd the Dragon yawn like mouth of Hell,
Roaring with a most fearefull hideous sound,
And with his clawes all rent and tore the ground:

Impatient of the smart he did sustaine,
He thought with wings to raise himselfe aloft,
But with a stroke *Guy* brought him downe againe,
And ply'd him with the edge of Steele so oft
That down he fell, in durty blood berayd,
And forth his wide devouring Oven brayd.

A flake





of Guy Earle of Warwick.

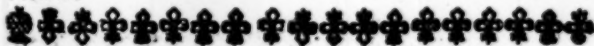
A flake of fire seem'd to issue thence,
While *Guy* was hewing off his ugly head,
Now Fiend (quoth he) thou halt thy recompence,
For all thy humane blood thy jaws have shed,
Upon a dart of this same broken Speare,
Thy filthy face unto the King Ile beare.

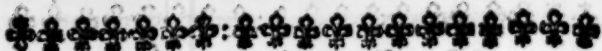
The Knights (with joy exceeding) take a view,
Of that faire fearefull creature, strange of shape,
Admiring at his ugly forme of hiew,
With wonderment that mortall man could scape
Those teeth and clawes, so dreadfull, sharp, and long,
Compos'd by Nature in a beaſt ſo ſtrong.

When they had fix'd the head upon a Speare,
And measur'd out the bodies length direct,
Unto the King at *Lincolne* they it beare,
Who *Guyes* return with longing did expect:
God shield (quoth he) and save me from all evill,
Here is a face may well out-face the Devill.

What staring eyes of burning glasse be those,
That might (alive) two flaming Beacons seem ?
What scales of harness arme that crooked nose,
And teeth ? none such had *Cerberus* I deeme,
What yawning mouth, and forked tongue is there,
That being dead, may make the living feare.

Victor





The Famous History

Victorious Knight, thy actions we admire,
And place thee highly in our Kingly love,
Throughout the spacious Orbe by fame aspire,
More lofty then the supreme sphere doth move,
To the succeeding ages of this Land,
I will remember thy victorious hand.

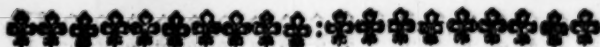
Which shall be thus: the Monsters picture, wrought
On cloth of Arras artificiall well,
And unto *Warwick* we will have it brought:
There to remaine, and after-ages tell,
That worthy *Guy*, a man of matchlesse strength,
Destroy'd a Dragon thirty foot in length.

And place his head here on the Castle wall,
For memory, till yeers do ruine it:
And Nobles, make triumphant Festivall,
Afford our Knight all honour doth besit:
Troy's Hector's dead, and can no more atchieve,
But *England's Hector* still remaines alive.

By this report (the onely Linguist living)
Had been with *Phelice* for to make her glad,
Such fame and glory to her Lover giving,
As never greater any worthy had,
Tels all the deeds of wonder he had done,
From the first action that his hand begun.

Phelice





of Guy Earle of VVarwick.

Phelice impatient of his wished light,
Speeds towards *Lincolne*, like light *Salmacis* :
Where joyfully she entertaines her Knight,
With *Dunoes* kinde imbrace, and *Venus* kisse :
Guy with requitall makes his gladnesse knowne,
And in his armes he now injoyes his owne.

Forgetfull Love, and too too slow (quoth she)
I fear'd thou didst not minde thy deereft friend :
VWhat, seeke a Dragon, e're thou looke for me ?
And hazard life before thou come, or send
To know if I remaine in happy state !
Some jealous woman would suppose 'tware hate.

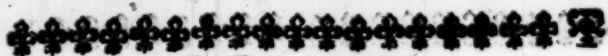
But sure I doe not though I speake my heart :
And wish I had beene first thou saw'st on shore :
Guy, welcome to thy *Phelice* now thou art,
Thou never shalt goe forth a fighting more,
No, thou hast fought too must, thy lookes bewray,
Sterne countenance hath stolne thy smiles away.

But love will learne thee (Love) to change thy face,
And frame it as at first when I did chuse it :
Thou hast almost forgotten to embrace,
I like that well, it seemes thou didst not use it
In forraigne parts abroad, where thou hast bin,
But that lustrellion thou must new begin.

L

I will





The Famous History

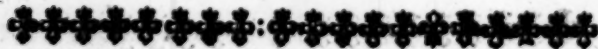
I wil' (quoth he) deare Love, and ply my Booke,
And kisse my lesson on thy corall lip:
Tell me but onely when I am mistooke,
In reading rashly, if I over-skip,
Or be too negligent in taking paine,
Why, turne me back, to conne my geare againe.

But Lady, one excepcion I will make,
What line soever you doe put me to,
The Horne-book of all other Ile forsake,
For willingly I would not have to doe,
With that Crosse-row, crosse unto many, when
Women doe teach it unto married men.

Kind Sir, (quoth she) content, Ile never chuse it,
It fits two sorts, a Curtezan, a Child:
Once, as the latter, simply I did use it,
But for the other, rather, be beguild,
Then to deceive, the second Horne-book's naught:
Teach it not me, and it shall neere be taught.

Guy smil'd and said, Come, let us *Warwick* see,
Of all the World the place that I love best;
Because it had the bringing up of thee,
And there first, with thy beauty I was blest,
I love the Castle and the Garden ground,
Where rest thy *Venus*-face alone I found.

Let's



of Guy Earle of Warwick.

Let's hasten on to heare this Sacred voyce,
I Guy take Phelice to my wedded wife ;
And thou repeate, *I likewise am thy choyce,*
Till death depart us, even so long as life :
And then the next will be, *God give us joy,*
And send thy Fathers Heire a gallant boy

the Marriage is solemnized,
But after forty dayes :
Guy Penance vows and Pilgrim-like ,
From England goes his wayes,

CANTO. 7.

THE happy day (that Lovers long expect)
Is now obtain'd to give desire rest :
And all the honours *Hymen* can effect,
He frank bestowes to grace the wedding feast.
For *Athelstone* and his renowned Queene,
At this great Nuptiall in their pomp were seen.

The Nobles rich and costly in attire,
With worthy Knights and Gentlemen beside :
Ladies of honour (as their loves require)
Attend upon the beauteous faire-fac'd Bride.
There wanted nothing (wit of man could finde)
To please the eye, or to content the minde.

L 2

Maskes



The Famous History

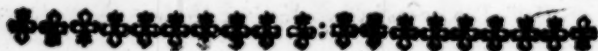
Maskes, mid- night Revels, Tilt, and Turnament,
Acting of ancient Stories, stately shewes,
Banquets might give great *Iupiter* content,
Where cups of *Nectar* plenteous over-flowes,
A boundant all things, with a plenteous hand,
As if a King himselfe should feast a Land.

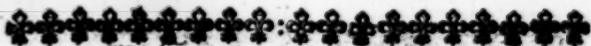
Soone after all these things were consumate,
Earle *Roland* (*Phelice* worthy Father) dyes :
And to his Son bequeaths the whole estate,
Of Earledomes, Lordships : all his Land is *Guyes*,
Who is created Earle of *Warwick* then,
In Honours ranke, with *Englands* Noble-men.

But in the glory of his high applaud,
Enjoying all that did pertake delight,
When evey tongue his Fame and Fortunes laud,
Himselfe converts his Sun-shin dayes to night,
Bethinking what the World may just be thought,
And deeming all but vaine that he had sought.

Oft would he sit and meditate alone,
In looking back what steps his youth hath trod :
Then to himselfe with sighes and grievous grone,
Cry, pardon me, thou just incensed God,
I have done nothing for to purchase grace,
But spend my time about a womans face.

For





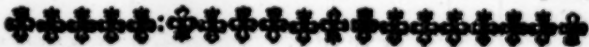
of Guy Earle of Warwick.

For beauty, bloody through the world I ran,
In pride of heart preferring *Phelice* feature :
For beauty I have ended many a man,
Hating all other for one mortall creature.
For beauty I have pawn'd my utmost power,
But for my finnes not spent one weeping hower.

My *Nunquam* *ſera* I will now begin,
And vow to ſend the remnant of my dayes,
In contrite Penance for my former ſinne,
That God may pardon all the erring wayes,
Which fleſh and blood, vainly deceived by,
Unto the World I will goe learne to dye.

Let me be censur'd, even as mortals please,
 Ile please my God in all things may be done :
 Ambitious pride hath beene my youths disease,
 Ile teach age meeknesse, e're my glasse be runne.
 And change my choise wealth, beauty, world farewe!
 To puchafe Heaven, I will passe through Hell.

*Phelice perceives this melancholly State,
And comming to him, doth most mildly woo :
My Lord (quoth she) why are you chang'd of late ?
As I share joy ; let me beare sorrow too :
If I in ought have mov'd you to offence,
I will with teares performe due recompence,*



The Famous History

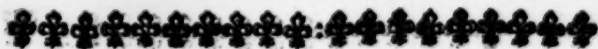
No my deare love (quoth *Guy*) no cause in thee,
 'Tis with my selfe I discontented strive :
 By light of grace, my Natures faults I see,
 That am as dead, although I seeme alive ;
Phelice, my sinnes, my countlesse sinnes appeare :
 Crying, *repent, thy guilty conscience cleere.*

I must deale with thee, as *Bavarus* dealt,
(A Prince of *Rome*) with *Sigunda* his wife,
Who (from a deep impression he felt)
Vow'd chastity perpetuall all his life,
Entreating thee (even as thou lov'st my soule)
To pardon me, not urging by controule.

Hast thou not heard what *Ethelfrida* did,
 (A Christian woman (sometimes Englands Queen ;
 Is *Edelthrudis* act of chaste life *Id*,
 A princeſſe likewise and matchleſſe ſcene,
 The firſt with childe, no more of luſt would taſte,
 The ſecond cau'd two husbands, both live chaste.

And canst not thou (the Phenix of a Realme)
By imitation win immortall praise ?
Leaving thy vertues an admired Theame,
To the succeeding age of Iron dayes ?
I know thou canst, thy greater parts Divine,
Where most is carnall, twil to flesh incline.

Thou



of Guy Earle of Warwick.

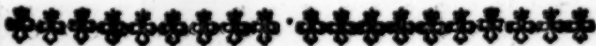
Thou didst procure (although I doe excuse it) wold
My pride, by Conquests to attaine thy love :
God gave me Valour, I did vaine abuse it,
My heart and thoughts aspired farre above,
The Crownes and Scepters of most potent Kings,
I held their Diadems inferiour things

But now I gather in a totall summe,
Such follies, and condemne them all to die :
A man of other fashion Ile become,
Some better travailes for my soule to trye,
Not as before, in armour on my Steed :
But in a Gowne of gray, a Palmers Weed.

Obscure my journey, for Ile take no leave,
But onely leave my endlesse love to thee :
Here is my Ring, this memory receive,
And weare the same to make thee thinke on me.
Let me have thine, which for thy sake Ile keepe;
Till death cloze up these eyes with his dead sleep.

When this was spoke, how she did wring her hands,
with sighes and teares, may well be deemed much :
Yet wondrous meekely, nothing countermands,
For the devotion of that age was such,
To hold them blessed, could themselves retire,
To solitude, and leave the worlds desire.

Now





The Famous History

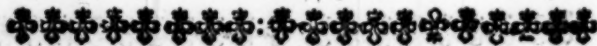
Now is the Princely clothing laid away,
Wherein he glitter'd like the glorious Sun,
And his best habite, homely-Country-gray,
Such as the poore, plaine people tearme home-spun.
A Staffe, Scribe, a Scallop-shell in's Hat,
Not to be knowne, nor once admired at.

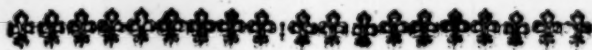
And thus with pensive heart, and dolefull teares,
He leaves the fairest Creature *England* had :
Who in her face a map of sorrow weares,
A countenance compos'd all mournfull, sad,
Like unto one had banish'd all delight :
Wishing for slumbers of eternall night.

Guy journeyes towards the Sanctified ground,
Whereas sometime the *Jewes* faire City stood,
In which our Saviour sacred Head was crown'd,
And where for sinfull man he shed his blood :
To see the sepulcher was his intent,
The Tombe that *Ioseph* unto *Iesus* lent.

With tedious miles he tyr'd his weary feet,
And passed Desert places, full of danger.
At last, with a most wofull wight did meet,
A man that unto sorrow was no stranger.
For he had fifteen Sonnes made captive all,
To slavish bondage in extreamest thrall.

A Gyant





of Guy Earle of Warwick.

A Gyant called *Armagent*, detain'd them,
VVhom no man durst encounter for his strength,
Who in a Castle which he held, had chan'd them,
Guy question'd where? and understands at length
The place not farre : lend me thy sword (quoth he)
Ile lend my Man-hood, all thy Sonnes to free.

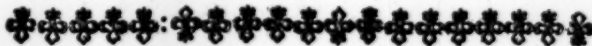
VVith that he goes and layes upon the doore,
Like him that sayes, *I must and will come in* :
The Gyant was never so rouz'd before,
For no such knocking at his Gate had bin :
So takes his club and keyes, and commeth out,
Staring with irefull countenance about.

Sirra (quoth he) what businesse hast thou here?
Art come to feast the Crowes about these walls?
Didst never heare, no ranfome can him cleere,
That in the compasse of my fury falls?
For making me to take a Porters paines,
With this same club I will dafh out thy braines.

Sirra (quoth *Guy*) y'are quarrelsome, I see,
Choler and you seeme very neere of kin :
Dangerous at the club belike you be,
I have beene better arm'd, though now go thin,
But shew thy utmost hate, enlarge thy spight :
Here is the weapon that must do me right.

M

A





The Famous History



*A Gyant called AMARANT,
GUY valiantly destroyes,
Whereby Wrong Ladies, captive Knights,
Their libertie enjoys.*

So



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of Guy Earle of Warwick.

So drawes his sword salutes him with the same
about the head, the shouldiers and the side :
While his erected club did death proclame,
Standing with huge *Colossus* spacious stride,
Putting forth vigor to his knotty beame,
That like a furnace, he did smoke extreame.

But on the ground he spent his strokes in vaine,
For *Guy* was nimble to avoid them still :
And ever e're he heav'd his club againe,
Did brush his plated coate against his will.
At such advantage he would never faile,
To bang him soundly in his shirt of maile.

At length through thirst, *Amarant* feeble grew,
And said to *Guy* As th'art of humane race,
Shew it in this : give natures wants their due,
Let me but go and drink in yonder place ;
Thou canst not yeeld unto a smaller thing,
Than grant life that is given by the Spring.

I grant thee leave (quoth *Guy*) goe drink thy last,
To pledge the Dragon and the salvage Bore :
Succeed the Tragedies which they have past ;
But never thinke to drinke cold water more.
Drinke deep to death, and after that carouse,
Bid him receive thee in his earthen house,



The Famous History

So to the spring he goes and slakes his thirst,
Taking the water in extreemly, like
A wracked Ship that on some Rock is burst,
When forced bulk against the stones doth strike,
Scooping it in so fast with both his hands,
That *Guy* admiring to behold it, stands.

Come on (quoth he) let us to worke againe,
Thou art about thy liquour over-long,
The Fish that in the River do remaine,
Will want thereby, thy drinking both them wrong ;
But I will see their satisfaction made,
With Gyants blood they must and shall be paid.

Villaine (quoth *Amarant*) Ile crush thee straight,
Thy life shall pay thy daring tongues offence,
This club (which is about some hundred weight)
Is deaths commiſſion to dispatch thee hence.
Dresse thee for Ravens dyet I must needs,
And breake thy bones as they were made of reeds.

Incensed much by these base bold Pagans boasts,
Which worthy *Guy* could ill endure to heare,
He hewes upon those bigge supporting poasts,
That like to pillars did the body beare,
Amarant (for them wounds) in choller growes :
And desperately at *Guy* his club he throwes.





of Guy Earle of VVarwick.

Which did directly on his body light,
So violent and weighty therewithall,
That down to ground on sudden came the Knight,
And ere he could recover from the fall,
The Gyant got the club againe in's fist,
And strooke a stroke that wonderfully mist.

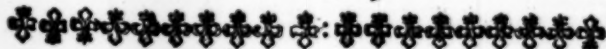
Traytor (quoth *Guy*) thy fallhood Ile repay,
This Coward act, to intercept my blood,
Sayes *Amarant*, Ile murther any way,
With enemies all vantages are good,
Oh could I poyson in thy nostrils blow,
Thou should'st be sure I would dispatch thee so.

'Tis well (said *Guy*) thy honest thoughts appeare,
Within that beastly bulk doe Devils dwell :
Which are thy tenants while thou livest here.
But will be Land-lords when thou com'st in Hell,
Vile miscreant, prepare thee for their Den.
Inhumane monster, hatefull unto men.

But breathe thy selfe a time while I go drinke,
For flaming *Phabus* with his fiery eye,
Torments me so with burning heat, I thinke
My thirst would serve to drinke an ocean dry.
Forbeare a little as I dealt with thee :
Quoth *Amarant*, thou hast no foole of me.

M 3

No





The Famous History

No, silly wretch, my Father taught more wit,
How I should use such enemies as thou :
By all my Gods I do rejoyce at it,
To understand that thirst constraines the bow :
For all the treasure that the world containes,
One drop of water shall not coole thy veines.

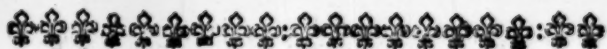
Relieve my foe ? why'twere a madmans part,
Refresh an adversary to my wrong ?
If thou imagine this, a child thou art.
No fellow, I have knowne the world too long,
To be so simple, now I know thy want,
A minutes space of breathing Ile not grant,

And with these words ; heaving a lost his club
Into the ayre, he swings the same about :
Then shakes his locks, and doth his temples rub,
And like the *Cyclops* in his pride did strout.
Sirra (said he) I have you at a list :
You now are come unto your latest shift.

Perish for ever with this stroke I send thee,
(A medicine will doe thy thirst much good)
Take no more care for drinke before I end thee,
And then wee'l have carouses of thy blood.
Here's at thee, with a butchers down right blow,
To please my fury wiah thine overthrow.

Infer-





of *Guy Earle of Warwick.*

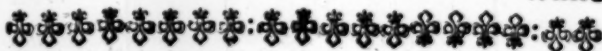
Infernall. false, obdurate fiend (*Guy* said)
That seem'd a Impr of cruelty from Hell:
Ingratefull Monster, since thou hast deny'd
The thing to me wherein I us'd thee well:
With more revenge then e're my sword did make,
On thy accur'd head revenge Ile take.

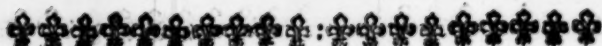
Thy Giants longitude shall shorter shrinke,
Except thy Sun-scorcht skin be weapon-prooffe,
Farewell my thirst, I doe disdain to drinke,
Streames, keep your water to your owne behoofe,
Or let wild beasts be welcome thereunto.
With these pearle drops I will not have to do.

Hold Tyrant, take a taste of my good will,
For thus I do begin my bloody bout:
You cannot chuse but like the greeting ill,
It is not that same club will beare you out.
And take this payment on thy shaggy crowne,
A blow that brought him with a vengeance down.

Then *Guy* set foot upon the Monsters brest,
And from his shouldiers did his head divide:
Which was a jawning mouth did gape, unblest,
No Dragons jawes were ever seene more wide.
To open and to shut till life was spent:
So *Guy* tooke's keyes, and to the Castle went.

Where





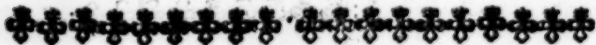
The Famous History

Where many wofull captives he did finde,
That had been tyred with extremities :
Whom he in friendly manner did inbinde ;
And reason'd with them of their miseries.
Each told a tale with teares, and sighes, and cries,
All weeping to him with complaining eye.

There tender Ladies in darke dungeon lay,
That were surprized in the desert wood :
And had no other dyet every day,
Then flesh of humane creatures for their food.
Some with their Lovers bodies had been fed.
And in their wombs their Husbands buried.

Now he bethinks him of his comming there,
Tinlarge the wronged Brethren from their woes
And as he searcheth, doth great clamours heare,
By which sad sounds directions ; on he goes
Untill he findes a darke some obscure Gate,
Arm'd strongly over all with Iron plate.

That he unlocks and enters, where appears,
The strangest object that be ever saw.
Men, that with famishment of many yeares,
VVerre like deaths picture, which the painters draw.
Divers of them were hanged by each rhumbe,
Others head-downe-ward, by the middle some,
With





of Guy Earle of VVarwick.

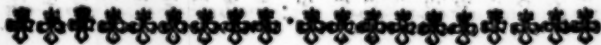
With diligence he takes them from the walls,
With liberty their thraldome to acquaint :
Then (the perplexed Knight, their Fathers calls,
And sayes, Receive thy Sons though poore and faint,
I promist you their lives, accept of that :
But did not warrant you they should be fat.

The Castle I doe give thee, here's the Keyes,
Where tyranny for many yeeres did dwell :
Procure the gentle tender Ladies case,
For pittie sake, use wronged Women well,
Men easily may revenge the deeds men doe,
Bnt poore weak women have no strength thereto.

The good old man even over-joyn'd with this,
Fell on the ground and would have kist *Guyes* feet,
Father quoth he) refraine so base a kisse,
For age to honour Youth, I hold unmeet,
Ambitious pride hath hurt me all it can,
I go to mortifie a sinfull man.

N

Guy



The Famous History

Guy on his journey doth proceed,
With painfull Pilgrim life:
While Warwick Countesse lives in
A chaste and Iayall Wife. (teares,

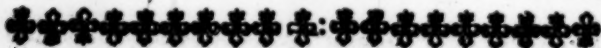
CANTO. II.

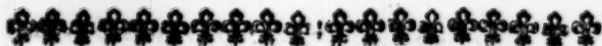
BEhold the man that sought contentions out,
Whose recreation was in angry armes,
And for his *Venus* rang'd the World about,
To finde our dreadfull Combats, fierce Alarmes,
From former disposition alienate :
Shuns all occasious may procure debate.

In his owne wrongs, by vow he will not strike,
Let injurie impose what strife can doe :
Abuses shall not forces him to dislike,
For he hath now fram'd Nature thereunto.
And taken Patience by the hand for's guide,
To leade his thoughts were meeknesse doth abide.

No worldly joy can give his minde content,
Delights are gone, as they had never been :
His onely care is how he may repent,
His spending Youth about the serving sinne.
And fashion Age, to looke like contrite sorrow :
That little time to come, which life doth borrow.

His





of Guy Earle of VVarwick.

His lookes were sad, complexion pale, and wan,
His dyet of the meanest, hard and spare ?
His life he led, like a Religious man,
His habite poore and homely, thin and bare :
His Dignities and honours were forgot :
His *Warwick* Earldome he regarded not.

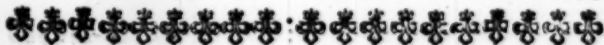
Sometime he would go search into a Grave,
And there finde out a rotten dead mans Scull,
And with the same a conference would have,
Examining each Vanitie at full,
And then himselfe would answer for the Head,
His own objection in the dead-mans stead.

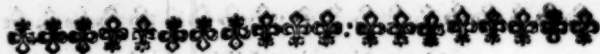
If thou hast bin some Monarch, where's thy crown ?
Or who in feare of thy sterne lookes do stand ?
Death hath made conquest of my great renown ?
My godlen Scepter, in a fleshly hand,
Is taken from me by another King.
And I in dust am made a rotten thing.

Hast thou been some great Counsellour of State,
Whose potent wit did rule a mighty Realm ?
Where is the policy thou had'st of late ?
Consum'd and gone, even like an idle Dream.
I have not so much wit, as will suffice,
To kill the Wormes that in my Coffin lies.

N2

Perhap,





The Famous History

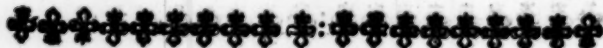
Perhaps thou wast some Beauteous Ladies face,
For who right strange adventures have bin wrought,
Even such, as (when it was my loving case)
For my deare kindest *Phelice* I have fought.
Perhaps about this Scul there was a skin,
Fairer then *Hellens* was inclosed in.

And on this Scalp, so wormy eaten bare,
(Where nothing now but bone we may behold)
Where Natures ornaments such locks of haire,
As might induce the eye to deeme them Gold,
And Crystall Eyne to these two hollow caves :
And here such lips, as love for kissing craves.

But where's the substance of this Beauty spent,
So lovely, precious in the sight of men ?
With powerfull death, unto the dust it went,
Grew loathsome, filthy, came to nothing then.
And what a Picture of it doth remaine :
To tell the wise, all Beauty is but vaine.

Such memories he often would preferre,
Of mortall frailty, and the force of death :
To teach the flesh how apt it is to erre,
And post repentance off till latest breath :
Thus would he in the worlds contempt reprove,
All that seduc'e the soule from Heavenly love.

Now





of Guy Earle of Warwick.

Wow for a while reverse your view of woe,
For one sad subject to behold another :
To see new sorrow ; back to *England* goe,
And to long absent yeeres commit the other.
Leave dolefull *Guy*, to aged griefe and cares :
And looke on *Rhelice*, how his Lady fares.

Like to a Widdow, all in black attire,
She doth expresse her inward dolefull minde,
A Chamber prison is her chiefe desire,
Where she to passions wholly is inclin'd.
She that of late was pride of English Court,
With Majesty no longer will consort.

But lives a life, like one despis'd lifes being,
And every day unto the world did die :
With Judgements eyes, farre into folly seeing,
And nothing well how fast false pleasures flie :
Leaving for every taste of vaine delight,
A greater heap of cares, then Pen can wright.

Her thoughts ran after her departed Lord,
And travail'd in conceit more fast than he;
What place (quoth she) can rest to me afford,
That Pilgrim-like, hath thus forsaken me?
Oh sad laments! my soule your burthen beares,
To thinke, deare *Guy* remembers me in teares.





The Famous History

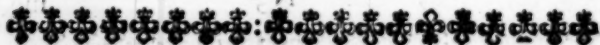
Me thinks he sits now by a River side,
And swells the water with his weeping eyes :
Me thinks that *Phelice*, *Phelice*, lowd he cryd,
And charged Eccho beare it through the Skyes.
Then rising up, he runnes with might and main,
Saying, sweet Eccho, bring my Love againe.

Then comes he to a *Cypresse* Tree, and saies,
Silvanus, this was once the lovely Boy,
Whom thou for feare to the Clouds didst praise,
But here's thy sencelesse and transformed joy.
'Tis nothing now but boughes, and leaves, & Tree,
And made to whither, as all beauties be.

And then me thinks he sits him sadly downe,
And on his bending knees his elbow staves,
With head in hand, saying, farewell Renown,
Vanish vain pleasures of my youthfull dayes.
My true repentance do you all displace,
A happy end brings sinfull soules to Grace.

A worthy man, that thus canst mortifie
The rebell Flesh, to conquer *Adams* Nature !
And for the gaining of Eternity,
Dost live on Earth, as if no earthly Creature :
Dead and alive, old and new borne againe,
True valiant *George*, that hath the Divell slaine.

A





of Guy Earle of Warwick.

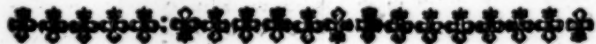
As thy advice was when thou didst depart,
That I should live a Vestall Virgins life,
Although when I was Maid (by lovers Art)
Thou didst perswade me to become a Wife :
I vow by Heavens, and all the powers Divine,
To keepe my thoughts, as constant, chaste as thine.

My beauty I will blemish all I may,
With teares and sighes, and dolefull lamentation :
By abstinence I will attaine the way,
To overcome the force of sinnes temptation.
This sentence I have often read, and seen :
A Womans Chastity, is Vertues Queen.

Ceres and *Bacchus* I will carefull shun,
Foes to *Diana*, friends *Venus* ever :
Unto licentious life they teach us run,
And with sobriety associate never.
Spare dyet shall become my dayly fare,
The soule thrives best to keep the body bare.

The Courtly Ornaments I wore of late.
In honour of King *Athelstone* faire Queen,
Even all those Jewels, and those Robes of State,
Wherein so often I was glorious seen,
Shall with their price and value now supply
Those naked poore that in the streets do lye.

The



The Famous History

The Gold and Silver that I doe possesse,
About good words, shall imployed be:
The purchase of eternall happinesse,
Is of all wealth most precious unto me,
All that in want to *Wrrwick* Castle come,
And crave reliefe; I will afford them some.

For halt and lame, and blind, I will provide
Some Hospitall, with Land to be maintain'd:
For VViddowes, and poore Fatherlesse beside,
That their necessities may be sustain'd.
For young beginners their estate to raise:
And for repairing of decay'd High-ways,

This account to be the Heavenly thrift,
Lay up your Treasure where it cannot rust:
And give the riches, we receive by gift,
As each good Steward is injoynd he must,
That after this short stinted life's delay,
VVe may have life, and everlasting day.

Rejected world, thus doe I take my leave
VVith thee, and all things thou dost most esteeme:
Thy shewes are snares, and all thy hopes deceive,
Thy goodnesse is but onely good to seeme.
Of thy false pleasures as I much have seene,
As she that beares the title of a Queene.

Oh

of Guy Earle of Warwick.

Oh that I were in such unknowne disguise,
(Attending on my *Guy*, where e're he be)
As once the kinde *Sulpitia* did devise,
Her *Lentulus* in banishment to see!
Or *Hypsicrata*-like, in mans attire,
Following her exil'd King, through loves desire.

'T would something ease my sorrow-wounded heart
So to divide the burthen of unrest:
For where afflictions takes afflictions part,
In hard extremes, some comfort is exprest.
Misery is more easie to abide,
When friends with friends their crosses do divide.

But all in vaine I wish, would God I were,
Or thus, or thus, it nought availles my woe:
Though starving thoughts do wander here & there,
My poore weake body knowes not where to go.
Unto the Holy Land I heard him say,
God send me thither at my dying day.

I will about my Vowes, and see them paid,
To do the good that Charity requires:
When grace, to works of vertue does perswade,
'Tis blessednesse to further such desires.
And while on earth I do a sinner dwell,
Ile strive to please my God with living well.

O

In

The Famous History

In this resolve, that life she entertaines,
Performing all the course she had propounded,
And such severity therein explains,
Her sex with wonder rests amaz'd, confounded,
To see so rare a Beauty, rich, high-borne,
Hold all worlds pleasure in contempt and scorn.

Her wandering Lord from Land to Land repaires,
To seeke out places Pilgrims do frequent :
By carefull yeares, turn'd into silver haire,
Exceeding chang'd with griefe and languishment :
(For sorrow gives a man more ancient looke,
Than elder time, which lesser cares have tooke.)

Amongst

of *Guy Earle of VVarwick.*

Amongst the rest to whom he had been known,
He met Earle *Terry* banish'd to exile ;
Each unto other being strangers growne,
Through sorrow, which the senses doth beguile,
They had forgot that e're they saw each other,
Yet *Guy* was *Terryes*, *Terry Guyes* sworne Brother.

Having related how their travels grew,
One's voluntary, t'others by constraint :
In taking leave with courtesies adiew,
Oh English man (said *Terry* sighing faint)
I had a friend, a Country-man of thine,
Was Justice Champion to great wrongs of mine :

Tyranny to the face he durst defie,
And stampe his foot upon oppressions neck :
Tell me, deare friend, hast thou not heard of *Guy*,
That had a hand to help, a sword to check ?
I have (quoth he) and known him many yeers :
Guy Warwicks Earle, is one of *Englands Peeres*.

What is thy Name ? *Terry* (quoth he) I hight,
Greater by birth, than fortunes make me seeme.
Terry (said he) I vow to do thee right,
In what I may, my poore good will esteeme.
To humane thoughts my nature doth agree,
Thou lov'st my friend, I must of force love thee.



The Famous History

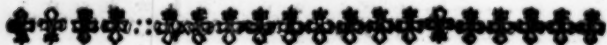
Direct me to the man exil'd thee thus,
He take thy part, as far as strength extends :
If *Guy* himselfe were here to joyne with us,
He could but say, *He venture life with friends.*
And be assured, though I simple be,
I oft have had as good successe as he.

Terry wick loving thanks his love requites,
And brings him to his For, whom he desires,
And valiant with the adverse Champion fights,
'Till mortall wounded, at his feet he dies :
Yet 'twas a man suppos'd of matchlesse worth,
That for that Combat they had singled forth.

When this was done, the Earle demands his name ?
Pardon (quoth he) that were against a vow :
To no man living he reveale the same,
For I have changed name and nature now.
Natures corruption I do strive to leave,
A new regeneration to receive.

Farewell my friend, even as my soule would fare,
If we ne'r meet on earth, Heaven be the place :
For idle houres I have no time to spare,
My haire look gray, they turn to white apace,
I have great losse in short time to redeem,
A minutes sorrow is of much esteem.

So



of Guy Earle of Warwick.

So he departs towards *Judea* ground,
Samarina, and *Galile*, to see
Those parts by Christian Pilgrims so renown'd,
Because their Saviours choise was there to be :
Where he did suffer to redeeme our losse :
Even from the Cratch unto the bloody Crosse.

Much time he spends, and many yeers bestowes,
From place to place about this holy-land :
That all his friends in *England* do suppose,
Now Death of him hath got the upper hand:
For no report came, that e're could relate,
His life, his being, or his present state.

This put the world to silence, men were mute,
Concerning *Guy* they knew not what to say :
The dreadfull Champion in the armed suit,
Was neither known nor fear'd in simple gray.
But did endeavour all that e're he might,
Never to be reveal'd to any wight.

For unto none he would his name disclose,
Nor tell direct what Country-man he was :
Nor of his noble minde make any shewes,
But strive in all things most obscure to passe :
Untill by native love his minde was led,
To come and lay his bones where he was bred.

:

The Famous History

Beholding now how they repulſed were,
That *Wincheſter* by no meanes could be won :
They do conclude to ſummon parley there,
And with a challenge have all quarrels done.
An *Engliſh* man to combate with a Dane,
And that King loſe, that had his Champion ſlaine.

Wherewith a huge great Giant doth appeare,
Demanding where the Foxes all were crept ?
Saying, If one dare come and meet me here,
That hath true valour for his Countrey kept,
Let him come forth his man-hood to diſcloie,
Or elſe the *Engliſh* are but coward Foes.

Why very Cravens, on their Dunghils dare
Both crow and ſtrike, be fore they run and cry.
Is *Engliſh* courage now become ſo rare,
That none will fight, becauſe they feare to die ?
That I pronounce you all ſaint-hearted ſooles,
Affraid to look on manly martiall tooles.

What ſlanders I have heard in forraigne Land,
Of theſe poore men for deeds which they have done,
Moſt falſe they are, belyed of their hands,
But he ſaies true, that ſayes their feet can run :
They have a Proverb to inſtruct them in,
That *'tis good ſleeping in a ſound whole ſkin.*

Thus

of Guy Earle of Warwick.

Thus did he vannt, in tearmes of proud disdaine,
And threw his Gantlet down, saying, There's my
At length great Guy no longer could refraine, (glove.
Seeing all straine courtise to expresse their love,
But comes unto the King, and sayes, Dread Lord,
This Combate to thy unknown Knight afford.

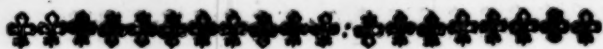
Although in simple habit I am hid,
Yielding no show of that I undertake,
I ne'r attempted ought but what I did.
An end of *Colbroun* (on my soule) Ile make,
Palmer (quoth *Abelstone*) I like thy sprite :
God sent thee hither, and heayde thee right.

His powerfull hand lend vigor to thy blowes,
And grant thy foot upon thy Foe to tread.
Amen (quoth *Guy*) and with great courage goes.
Forth *Wincebsters* North-gate, unto *Hide-mead*,
Where that same Monster of a man he found,
Treading at every step two yards of ground.

Art thou the man (quoth Colbrond) art thou he,
On whom the King will venture *Englands* Crowne)
Can he not finde a fitter match for me,
Then this poore Rascall in a thredbare Gowne ?
Where's all his Knights, and worthy Champion now)
I do disclaime so base a slave as thou.

P

Guy

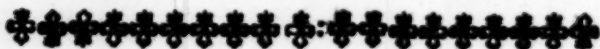


The Famous History



*Guy fights to free all Englands feares,
With Colbrond Giant Dane :
And in Hide mead at Winchester,
Was that Goliath slaine.*

Giant



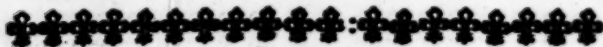
of Guy Earle of VVarwick.

Giant said (*Guy*) Man-hood should never raile,
To breathe the aire with blasts of idle winde :
A Souldiers weapon best can tell his tale,
Thy destiny upon my Sword I finde :
'Twill let the blood while thou hast drops to bleed
And spell thy death for all the *Dames* to read.

Thus I begin, and on his Armour laid,
That *Colbronds* coate was never cudgel'd so :
Who with his club did watch to meet his blade,
Intending to have broken it with a blow ;
But *Guy* was sure his sword would hold out play,
It had been trusty many a cruell fray.

And therefore boldly he presumes thereon.
Laying about, as fast as he could drive,
Untill the Lubbers breath was almost gone,
(For with a weighty Club did *Colbrond* strive)
Which lighting on the ground made earth give way,
As if some Divell did about him lay.

So long they held this sterne and irefull fight,
That the beholders knew not what to deeme :
Yet still some wounds to *Colbrons* share did light,
Which to the English did great comfort seeme.
Besides, their Champion gave encouragement,
By active carriage, danger to prevent.



The Famous History

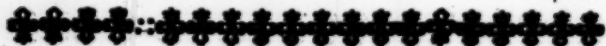
Quoth *Colbrand*, English man, wilt thou forbear,
And sue for mercy, let the Fight alone?
Villaine (quoth *Guy*) I scorne thy Coward feare,
Ile have thy life, or it shall cost mine owne,
We'll never part, till one be soundly sped:
The King hath ventur'd *England* on my head.

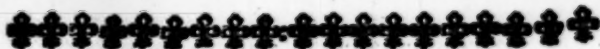
For twenty *Denmarks* (if they might be found)
And all the wealth that on the Ocean swimmes,
I will not yeeld an inch of English ground,
Thou shalt finde mettle in these aged limmes,
Although thy bodies height be more than mine,
I have a heart bigger by ods than thine.

Thinke on thy ancient Grand-sire *Gogmagog*,
Whom *Corinens* dealt withall at *Dover*,
How that same Lubber, like a Timber-log,
Was by the worthy Brittain tumbled over,
For his bold Challenge he had such a check,
There was no Surgion could amend his neck.

Thou art dectiv'd in me, poore filly Sot,
I am untaught to bend submissions knees,
Hold me no Christian if I faile a jot,
(And for the world that title Ile not leese)
Betake thee to thy tooles, honour thy King,
Upon thy Man-hood lies a mighty thing.

And





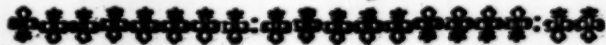
of Guy Earle of Warwick.

And this I doe encounter thee afresh,
With that he lent him such a powerfull stroke,
It made wide rapture in the Giants flesh,
And did his furious choller much provoke,
Laying about him in most cruell rage,
Till the next wound did all his heate assuage.

It was so mortall, that it brought him downe,
To lie and grone upon the bloody ground.
Forthwith a shout was heard from out the Towne,
That all the Skie did Eccho to the sound.
Great joy was made by every English heart;
And all the *Danes* with extreme griefe depart.

King *Atbelstone* sent for his Champion then,
To do him honour for his famous deed,
Who was received by the Clergie men,
With all solemnity, for such high meed,
Embraced by the Nobles, and renown'd,
With Martiall Musick, Drum and Trumpets sound.

But little pleasure *Gay* conceives herein,
Refusing Jewels, costly Ornaments,
Saying, With these he out of love hath beene
For many yeeres, by true experiments:
Only, thanks God that blest him with an houre,
To free his Country from invading power.



The Famous History

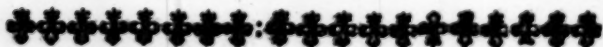
And so intreates that he may passe unknown,
To live where poverty regards not wealth :
And be beholden to the helpe of none,
Seeing the world but now and then by stealth :
*For true content doth such a Treasure bring ;
It makes the Begger richer than the King.*

With true Content (faith he) I will abide,
In homely cottage, free from all resort,
But I have found, content cannot be spide,
To make abode within a Monarchs Court,
No, there's ambition, pride, and envie seene,
And fawning flattery stepping still betweene.

Yet gentle Palmer (said the King) agree,
Where ever thou resolvest to remaine :
Acquaint thy name in private unto me,
And this is all thy Sovereigne will obtaine.
Tell me but who thou art, I will conceale it :
As I am *Englands* King, Ile not reveale it.

Why then (quoth he) your Grace shall understand,
I am your Subject, *Guy of Warwick* named.
That have these many yeeres not seene your Land,
But beene where youth by ancient Age is tamed.
Yet where experience taught me wit dread Prince,
The World of many follies to convince.

And



of Guy Earle of Warwick.

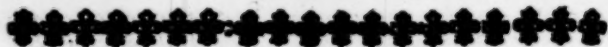
And now am come to bring my bones to grave,
Within the Kingdome where I first tooke life :
Yet shall no creature else the notice have,
Of my arrivall, not my dearest wife,
Till sicknesse come, and doth my death foretell,
Then Ile acquaint her with my last farewell.

The King with joy embrac'd him in his armes,
And with great admiration answers thus :
Most worthy Earle, treer of *England's* harmes,
It grieves my soule thou wilt not live with us,
Oh were thy resolutions, thoughts but now,
That my perswasions might prevent thy vow.

But 'tis too late, they are growne ripe, I see,
Thou art too settled in determination?
Well, Honorable man, yet this joyes me,
Thou bring'st thy bones unto thy dearest Nation,
Where Monuments of thy great deeds shall last,
Till after-Ages of the world be past.

In *Warwick* Castle shall thy sword be kept,
To witnesse to the world what thou hast bene :
And lest forgetfull time should intercept,
A President I present will begin.
The Castle-keeper shall receive a Fee,
To keepe thy Sword in memory of thee.

Thy



The Famous History

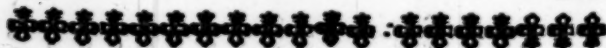
Thy Armour likewise, and the martiall Speare,
That did thee service in thy high designs,
Shall be preserved very carefull there,
That all such men as have distrustfull mindes,
May think (if from a truth this did not grow)
A King would scorne to coozen people so.

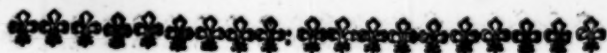
And in thy Chappell (distant thence a mile)
A Bone shall hang of that same cruell Beast,
Which neere to *Coventry* remain'd long while,
Whose Rib by measure is six foot at least.
Destroying many that did passe that way,
Untill thy Man-hood did the Savage slay.

That by tradition men may speake and tell,
This was *Geyes* Armonr, this his massie blade, (quell;
These bones of murdering Beasts which men did
And this the Tombe wherein his corps was laid,
This the true Picture of his shape at length,
And this the Speare did oft expresse his strength.

For sure I hold it an ungratefull thing,
(When thou by Natures course in dust shalt lie)
No Memory shall cause some Muse to sing,
The worthinesse of matchlesse English Gay,
Thy Country-men would prove too farre unkinde,
When out of sight, they leave thee out of minde.

This





of Guy Earle of Warwick.

This said, in humble duty (wondrous meeke)
Guy reverenceth the King, and so departs,
 Some solitary Den or Cave to seeke,
 Which he unto his mansion house converts :
 And so lives poorely in the hollow ground,
 Making his meate of rootes and hearbs he found.

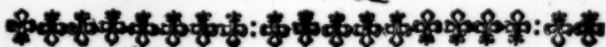
Sometimes he would to *Warwick* Castle goe,
 And crave an Almes at his deare Ladies hand :
 Who unto Pilgrims did more bounty shew,
 Than any Noble woman in the Land.
 And she would aske all Palmers that came there,
 If at the Holy-Land they never were.

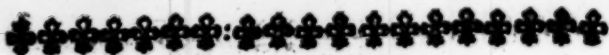
Or in their travels if they had not seene
 An English man, was Lord of that same Tower ?
 Who many yeares away from thence had been,
 A Knight ne'r conquer'd yet by humane power,
 But there's a Tyrant whom I only feare,
 They call him *Death*, that murthers every where,

If he have met him, (O my dearest Lord)
 I never shall behold thy face againe,
 Till that same Monster do as much afford,
 Unto my heart and so release all paine.
 Which gracious Heavens grant, if *Guy* be dead,
 Upon this earth let me no longer tread.

2

Thus





The Famous History

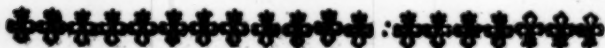
Thus did he often heare his wife enquire,
With deep complaints from extreme passions flowing
Yet by no meanes would grant her kinde desire,
The comfort of a hopefull word bestowing,
But looke upon her as his heart would break,
Then turn away for feare his tongue should speak.

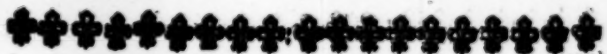
And so departs with weeping to his Cell,
Setting a dead-mans head before his eyes :
Saying with thee, I shortly come to dwell,
This sinfull flesh I constantly despise,
My soule is weary of so bad a Guest :
And doth desire to be at home in rest.

My feeble limbs, weaknesse doth sore possesse,
And sicknesse gripes do touch about my heart,
I feel I am not farre from happinesse,
But am in hope my Foe and I shall part,
This aduersary which I long have fed,
By whom my soule hath been so much mis-led.

To my deare *Phelice* I will send my Ring,
Which I did promise for her sake to keep :
I may no longer time deferre the thing,
For feare that Death prevent me with his sleep,
I feel his Messenger approach apace,
And poore weak Nature must of force gve place.

So





of Guy Earle of Warwick.

So call'd a heartie-man as he passed by,
And said, good friend, do me a speciall favour :
Even in a matter that concerns me nigh,
(My hope relies upon thy kinde behaviour.)
To *Warwick* Castle speedily repaire,
And for the Countesse aske with trusty care.

Deliver thou this Ring to her own hand,
And say, the ancient Pilgrim sent the same,
That lately at her Gate with Scrip did stand,
To beg an Almes in blessed Jesus Name,
And if she ask thee where I do remain ?
Direct her hither, she'll requite thy pain.

Sir (quoth the Heards-man) I shall be aſham'd,
That we'r durſt ſpeak to Lady in my life:
Nay more and't pleaſe you I may much be blam'd,
To carry Rings to ſuch a great mans Wife.
Beſides if I ſhould looſe it by the way,
Why what would you and Madam *Phelice* ſay?



The Famous History

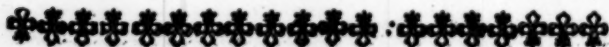
With that he goes, and mannerly betakes
The token to the Countesse, which she seeing,
Most admirable wonder at it makes !
Ah friend (quoth she) where is my husbands being ?
Husband (saith she) that news I do not bring,
From an old begger I receiv'd the Ring.

His house was made of neither Wood nor Stone,
But under ground into a hole he went :
And in my conscience there he dwells alone,
And never payes his Land-lord quarters Rent.
Ah tis my *Guy* (she said) shew me his Cell,
And for thy paines I will reward thee well.

So he directs *Warwick's* faire Countesse thither,
Who entering in that melancholly place,
Her Lord and she imbracing, weepe together,
Unable to pronounce a word long space :
Long time they two had not a tongue to speak,
Till *Guyes* discretion sorrowes doore did break,

Phelice (quoth he) now take thy leave of *GUY*,
That sent to see thee er'e his sight decay :
Within thy armes I do intreat to die,
And breath my sprite from thy sweet soule away.
Thougav'st me Almes at *Warwick* Castle late :
Tis blessednesse to pittie Poore mens State.

GUY





of Guy Earle of Warwick.



*Guy in repentance poorly lives,
Obscurely in a Cave:
Reveal'd to Phelice by a Ring,
When Death had digg'd his Grave.*

23

Looke





The Famous History

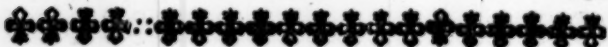
Look not so strange, bewall not so my Deare,
Ah weep not, Love, I do not want thy teares :
I have shed plenty since my coming here,
Of true remorse, my conscience witness beares.
Thou weep'st not now, because I wept no more,
But to behold me friendlesse, helpelesse, poore.

Wife, I have sought the place that I desire,
Though few indeavour for eternall rest :
The soule which to that Heaven doth aspire,
Must leave the World, and worldly things detest,
Tis full of Divels that on soules do wait,
And full of mates in every place some bait.

Ah *Phelice*, I have spent (and then he wept)
Youth, (natures Day) upon the love of thee :
And for my God, old rotten Age have kept.
The night of Nature, *Christ forgive it me :*
Sorrow lies heavy on my soule for this :
Sweet Saviour Christ, pardon my amisse,

In that I had destroy'd so many men,
Even for one Woman, to enjoy thy love :
Therefore in this most solitary Den,
I sought my peace with that great God above.
Gainst whom by sin I have been more misled,
Then there be hairens upon my hoary head.

The



[illegible]

The other day, feeling my body ill,
And all the parts thereof oppress'd with pain,
I did compose a Testament and Will,
To be the last that ever I ordain.

*Loe here it is, Ile read it lf I can :
Before I cease to be a living man.*

HIS WILL.

Even in the name of him whose mighty power,
Created all, in Heaven and Earth contained,
As one to dye this very instant houre,
I leave the World, and all therein unfained.
My fowle I give to him that gave it me :
Receive it Iesus, as I trust in thee.

I owe a debt of life is due to Death,
And when tis paid him, he can ask no more :
A very vapour of a little breath;
Would he had had it many yeares before :
But here's my comfort, if he come or stay,
'Tis ready for him (if he will) to day.

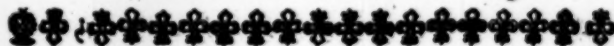
I owe the world the stock of wealth is lent,
When I did enter traffique with rhe same :
Lesse would have given Nature more content,
'Tis happineffe to want a rich mans name.
World, leave me naked as I did begin,
I aske but one poore Sheet to wrap me in,

I doe bequeath more finnes than I can number,
My daily evils in a countlesse sum :

Even from my Cradle unto Deaths dead slumber,
Those past, these present, all that are to come.
To him that made them, loads to burthen me,
Sattan, receive them for they came from thee.

I give good thoughts and evry vertuous deed,
That ever Grace hath guided me unto,
To him from whom all goodnesse doth proceed,
For only, evill Nature taught me do.
I was conceived, bred and born in sin,
And all my life most vile and vain hath been,

I give



His Will.

I give to sorrow all my sighes and cryes,
Fetcht from the bottom of a bleeding heart:
I give repentance teares and weary eyes,
The signes unfained of a true convert.
Earth yeeld a Grave, or Sea become a Tombe,
Iesus unto my soule grant Heaven: room.

Phelice, I faine, farewell true loyall wife,
Assist me with thy prayers, thy husband dies:
I trust to meeete thee in a better life,
Where teares shall all be wip't from weeping eyes.
Come blessed spirits, come in Iesus name,
Receive my soule, to him convey the same.

And with these words his quiet spirit departs,
While mournfull *Phelice* well nigh dead with woe.
Her teares for sorrowes use converts,
And too abundant doth her teares bestow,
Beating her brest, till brest and heart be sore:
Wringing her hands, till she could strive no more.

Then sighing said, ah Death, my sorrowes cause,
Thou hast depriv'd me of my dearest Lord:
Since loathsome aire my vitall spirits drawes,
This favour for thy tyranny afford,
Doe me a good to recompence thy ill,
And strike the stroke, that all my cares can kill,

Let me not live to see to morrows light,
But make me this, cold, bloodles, pale, and wan,
As this dead Carcasse doth appeare in light,
This true description of a mortall man,
Whose deeds of wonder, past and gone before,
Have left him now at Deaths darke prison doore,

Kissing his face, with a farewell of teares,
She leaves the body for the Grave to claime,
And from that place as sad a soule she beares,
As ever woman that the World can name,
Living but fifteen dayes after his death:
And then through extreme sorrow yeelded breath.

FINIS.

